

**THE WORKS OF
DR. JONATHAN
SWIFT, DEAN OF
ST. PATRICK'S,
DUBLIN. VOL. 1...**



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DEL CAV. V. FLAUTI

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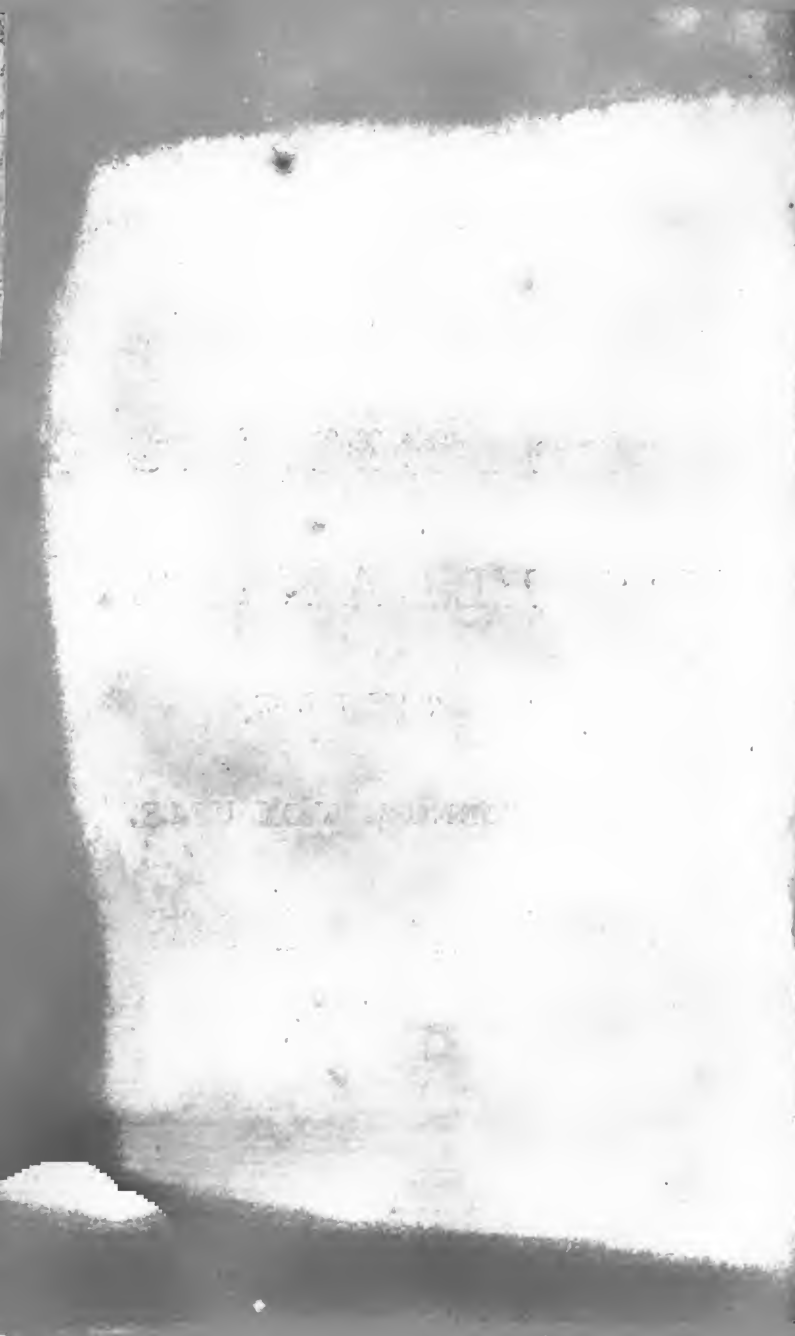


MISCELLANIES.

By Dr. *SWIFT*.

The THIRTEENTH VOLUME.





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The FOURTH EDITION.



L O N D O N :

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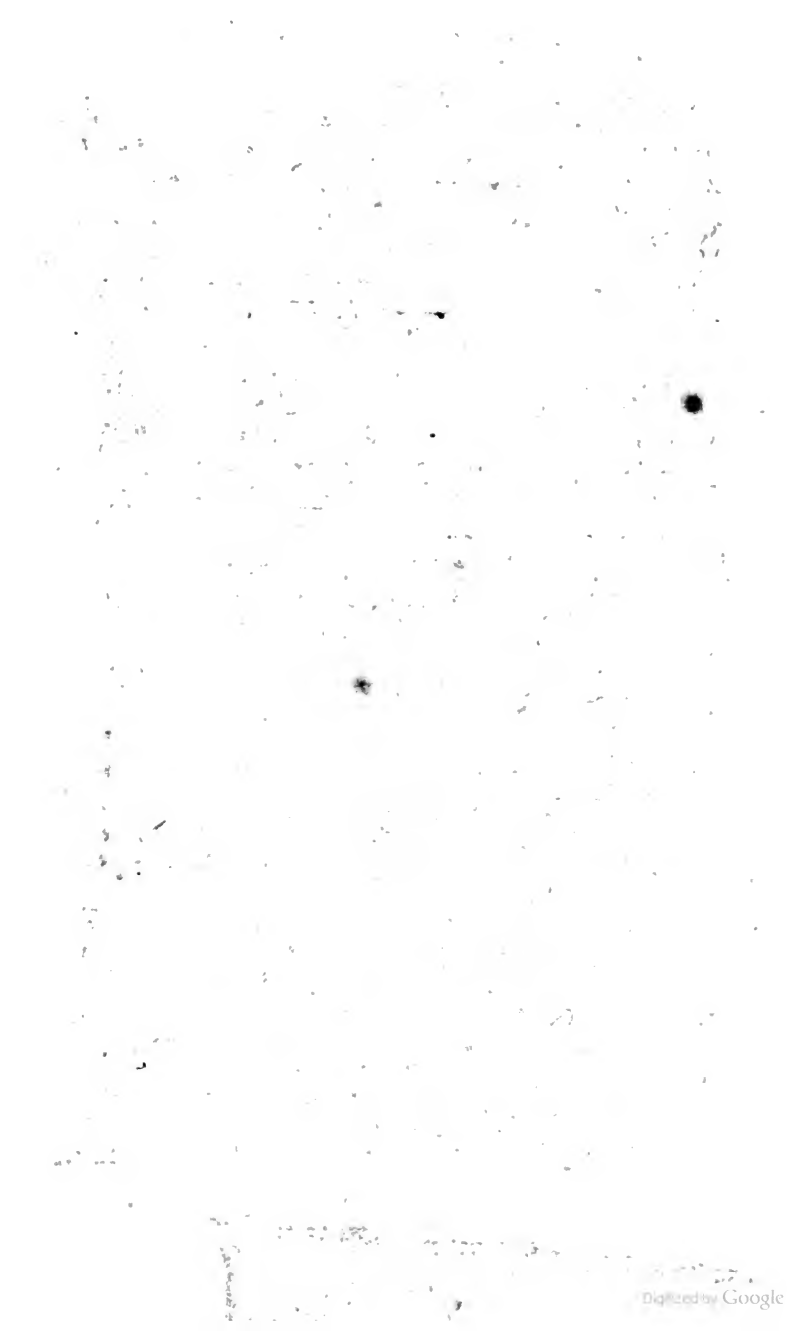
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ON THE TRINITY.

1. Epist. Gen. of St. JOHN V. 7.

For there are Three that bear Record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost ; and these Three are One.

THIS Day being set apart to acknowledge our Belief in the Eternal TRINITY, I thought it might be proper to employ my present Discourse entirely upon that Subject ; and I hope to handle it in such a Manner, that the most Ignorant among you may return home better informed of your Duty in this great Point, than probably you are at present.

It must be confessed, that by the Weakness and Indiscretion of busy (or, at best, of well-meaning) People, as well as by the Malice of those who are Enemies to all Revealed Religion,

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gion,

gion, and are not content to possess their own Infidelity in Silence, without communicating it to the Disturbance of Mankind ; I say, by these Means, it must be confessed, that the Doctrine of the Trinity hath suffered very much, and made Christianity suffer along with it. For these two things must be granted : First, that Men of wicked Lives would be very glad there were no Truth in Christianity at all ; and secondly, If they can pick out any one single Article in the Christian Religion which appears not agreeable to their own corrupted Reason, or to the Arguments of those bad People, who follow the Trade of seducing others, they presently conclude that the Truth of the whole Gospel must sink along with that one Article. Which is just as wise, as if a Man should say, because he dislikes one Law of his Country, he will therefore observe no Law at all ; and yet, that one Law may be very reasonable in itself, although he does not allow it, or does not know the Reason of the Lawgivers.

Thus it hath happened with the great Doctrine of the Trinity ; which Word is indeed not in Scripture, but was a Term of Art invented in the earlier Times to express the Doctrine by a single Word, for the sake of Brevity and Convenience. The Doctrine then, as delivered in Holy Scripture, tho' not exactly in the same Words, is very short, and amounts only to this, That the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are each of them God, and yet there is but One God. For, as to the
Word

Word *Person*, when we say there are three Persons ; and as to those other Explanations in the *Athanasian Creed* this Day read to you (whether compiled by *Athanasius* or no) they were taken up three hundred Years after Christ, to expound this Doctrine ; and I will tell you upon what Occasion. About that time there sprang up a Heresy of a People called *Arians*, from one *Arius* the Leader of them. These denied our Saviour to be God, although they allowed all the rest of the Gospel (wherein they were more sincere than their Followers among us.) Thus the Christian World was divided into two Parts, till at length, by the Zeal and Courage of St. *Athanasius*, the *Arians* were condemned in a general Council, and a Creed formed upon the true Faith, as Saint *Athanasius* hath settled it. This Creed is now read at certain times in our Churches, which although it is useful for Edification to those who understand it, yet since it contains some nice and philosophical Points which few People can comprehend, the Bulk of Mankind is obliged to believe no more than the Scripture-Doctrine, as I have delivered it. Because that Creed was intended only as an Answer to the *Arians* in their own Way, who were very subtle Disputers.

But this Heresy having revived in the World about an hundred Years ago, and continued ever since ; not out of a Zeal to Truth, but to give a Loose to Wickedness, by throwing off all Religion ; several Divines, in order to an-

swer the Cavils of those Adversaries to Truth and Morality, began to find out farther Explanations of this Doctrine of the Trinity, by Rules of Philosophy; which have multiplied Controversies to such a Degree, as to beget Scruples that have perplexed the Minds of many sober Christians, who otherwise could never have entertained them.

I must therefore be so bold to affirm, that the Method taken by many of those learned Men to defend the Doctrine of the Trinity, hath been founded upon a Mistake.

It must be allowed, that every Man is bound to follow the Rules and Directions of that Measure of Reason which God hath given him; and indeed he cannot do otherwise if he will be sincere, or act like a Man. For instance: If I should be commanded by an Angel from Heaven to believe it is Midnight at Noon-day; yet I could not believe him. So if I were directly told in Scripture that *Three* are *One*, and *One* is *Three*, I could not conceive or believe it in the natural common Sense of that Expression, but must suppose that something dark or mystical was meant, which it pleased God to conceal from me and from all the World. Thus in the Text, *There are Three that bear Record, &c.* Am I capable of knowing and defining what Union and what Distinction there may be in the Divine Nature? which possibly may be hid from the Angels themselves. Again, I see it plainly declared in Scripture that there is but one God; and yet I find our Saviour claiming the

the Prerogative of God in knowing Men's Thoughts ; in saying *He and his Father are one* ; and, *Before Abraham was, I am*. I read, that the Disciples worshiped him : That *Thomas* said to him, *My Lord and my God* : And *Saint John*, Chap. 1st, *In the Beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God*. I read likewise that the Holy Ghost bestowed the Gift of Tongues, and the Power of working Miracles, which, if rightly considered, is as great a Miracle as any, that a Number of illiterate Men should of a sudden be qualified to speak all the Languages then known in the World, such as could be done by the Inspiration of God alone. From these several Texts it is plain that God commands us to believe there is an Union, and there is a Distinction ; but what that Union, or what that Distinction is, all Mankind are equally ignorant, and must continue so, at least till the Day of Judgment, without some new Revelation.

But because I cannot conceive the Nature of this Union and Distinction in the Divine Nature, am I therefore to reject them as absurd and impossible, as I would if any one told me that three Men are one, and one Man is three ? We are told, that a Man and his Wife are one Flesh ; this I can comprehend the Meaning of ; yet, literally taken, it is a Thing impossible. But the Apostle tell us, *We see but in part, and we know but in part* ; and yet we would com-

prehend all the secret Ways and Workings of God.

Therefore I shall again repeat the Doctrine of the Trinity, as it is positively affirmed in Scripture: That God is there expressed in three different Names, as Father, as Son, and as Holy Ghost; that each of these is God, and that there is but one God. But this Union and Distinction are a Mystery utterly unknown to Mankind.

This is enough for any good Christian to believe on this great Article, without ever inquiring any farther. And this can be contrary to no Man's Reason, although the Knowledge of it is hid from him.

But there is another Difficulty of great Importance among those who quarrel with the Doctrine of the Trinity, as well as with several other Articles of Christianity; which is, that our Religion abounds in Mysteries, and these they are so bold to revile as Cant, Imposture, and Priest-craft. It is impossible for us to determine for what Reasons God thought fit to communicate some Things to us in part, and leave some part a Mystery. But so it is in Fact, and so the Holy Scriptures tell us in several Places. For Instance: The Resurrection and Change of our Bodies are called Mysteries by Saint *Paul*; our Saviour's Incarnation is another: The Kingdom of God is called a Mystery by our Saviour, to be only known to his Disciples; so is Faith and the Word of God by Saint *Paul*: I omit many others. So that.

that to declare against all Mysteries without Distinction or Exception, is to declare against the whole Tenor of the New Testament.

There are two Conditions that may bring a Mystery under Suspicion. First, when it is not taught and commanded in Holy Writ; or secondly, when the Mystery turns to the Advantage of those who preach it to others. Now, as to the first, it can never be said, that we preach Mysteries without Warrant from Holy Scripture, although I confess this of the Trinity may have sometimes been explained by human Invention, which might perhaps better have been spared. As to the second, it will not be possible to charge the Protestant Priesthood with proposing any temporal Advantage to themselves by broaching, or multiplying, or preaching of Mysteries. Does this Mystery of the Trinity, for Instance, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost, bring the least Profit or Power to the Preachers? No; it is as great a Mystery to themselves as it is to the meanest of their Hearers; and may be rather a Cause of Humiliation, by putting their Understanding in that Point upon a Level with the most ignorant of their Flock. It is true indeed, the *Roman Church* hath very much enriched herself by trading in Mysteries, for which they have not the least Authority from Scripture, and were fitted only to advance their own temporal Wealth and Grandeur; such as *Transubstantiation*, *Worshiping of Images*, *Indulgences* for Sins, *Purgatory*, and *Messes* for the Dead; with

with many more. But it is the perpetual Talent of those who have Ill-Will to our Church, or a Contempt for all Religion, taken up by the Wickedness of their Lives, to charge us with the Errors and Corruptions of Popery, which all Protestants have thrown off near two hundred Years: Whereas those Mysteries held by us have no Prospect of Power, Pomp, or Wealth, but have been ever maintained by the universal Body of true Believers from the Days of the Apostles, and will be so to the Resurrection; neither will the Gates of Hell prevail against them.

It may be thought perhaps a strange thing that God should require us to believe Mysteries, while the Reason or Manner of what we are to believe is above our Comprehension, and wholly concealed from us: neither doth it appear at first sight, that the believing or not believing them doth concern either the Glory of God, or contribute to the Goodness or Wickedness of our Lives. But this is a great and dangerous Mistake. We see what a mighty Weight is laid upon Faith, both in the Old and New Testament. In the former we read how the Faith of *Abraham* is praised, who could believe that God would raise from him a great Nation, at the very same time that he was commanded to sacrifice his only Son, and despaired of any other Issue. And this was to him a great Mystery. Our Saviour is perpetually preaching Faith to his Disciples, or reproaching them with the Want of it; and Saint *Paul* produceth numerous

On the T R I N I T Y.

merous Examples of the Wonders done by Faith. And all this is highly reasonable; for, Faith is an entire Dependence upon the Truth, the Power, the Justice, and the Mercy of God; which Dependence will certainly incline us to obey him in all things. So that the great Excellency of Faith consists in the Consequence it hath upon our Actions: As, if we depend upon the Truth and Wisdom of a Man, we shall certainly be more disposed to follow his Advice. Therefore, let no Man think that he can lead as good a Moral Life without Faith, as with it; for this Reason, Because he who has no Faith, cannot, by the Strength of his own Reason or Endeavours, so easily resist Temptations, as the other who depends upon God's Assistance in the overcoming his Frailties, and is sure to be rewarded for ever in Heaven for his Victory over them. *Faith, says the Apostle, is the Evidence of Things not seen:* He means, that Faith is a Virtue by which any thing commanded us by God to believe, appears evident and certain to us, although we do not see, nor can conceive it; because, by Faith we entirely depend upon the Truth and Power of God.

It is an old and true Distinction, that Things may be above our Reason without being contrary to it. Of this Kind are the Power, the Nature, and the universal Presence of God, with innumerable other Points. How little do those who quarrel with Mysteries, know of the commonest Actions of Nature? The Growth
of

of an Animal, of a Plant, or of the smallest Seed, is a Mystery to the wisest among Men. If an ignorant Person were told that a Loadstone would draw Iron at a Distance, he might say it was a Thing contrary to his Reason, and could not believe before he saw it with his Eyes.

The Manner whereby the Soul and Body are united, and how they are distinguished, is wholly unaccountable to us. We see but one Part, and yet we know we consist of two; and this is a Mystery we cannot comprehend, any more than that of the Trinity.

From what hath been said, it is manifest, that God did never command us to believe, nor his Ministers to preach, any Doctrine which is contrary to the Reason he hath pleased to endow us with; but for his own wise Ends has thought fit to conceal from us the Nature of the Thing he commands; thereby to try our Faith and Obedience, and encrease our Dependence upon him.

It is highly probable, that if God should please to reveal unto us this great Mystery of the Trinity, or some other Mysteries in our Holy Religion, we should not be able to understand them, unless he would at the same time think fit to bestow on us some new Powers or Faculties of the Mind, which we want at present, and are reserved till the Day of Resurrection to Life eternal. *For now, as the Apostle says, we see through a Glass darkly, but then Face to Face.*

Thus

Thus, we see, the Matter is brought to this Issue; we must either believe what God directly commands us in Holy Scripture, or we must wholly reject the Scripture, and the Christian Religion which we pretend to profess: But this, I hope, is too desperate a Step for any of us to make.

I have already observed, that those who preach up the Belief of the Trinity, or of any other Mystery, cannot propose any Temporal Advantage to themselves by so doing. But this is not the Case of those who oppose these Doctrines. Do *they* lead better moral Lives than a good Christian? Are *they* more just in their Dealings? more chaste, or temperate, or charitable? Nothing at all of this; but on the contrary, their Intent is to overthrow all Religion, that they may gratify their Vices without any Reproach from the World, or their own Conscience; and are zealous to bring over as many others as they can to their own Opinions; because it is some kind of imaginary Comfort to have a Multitude on their Side.

There is no Miracle mention'd in Holy Writ, which, if it were strictly examined, is not as much contrary to common Reason, and as much a Mystery as this Doctrine of the Trinity; and therefore we may with equal Justice deny the Truth of them all. For Instance: It is against the Laws of Nature, that a Human Body should be able to walk upon the Water, as Saint *Peter* is recorded to have done; or that a dead Carcase should be raised from the Grave

Grave after three Days, when it began to corrupt; which those who understand Anatomy will pronounce to be impossible by the common Rules of Nature and Reason. Yet these Miracles, and many others, are positively affirmed, in the Gospel; and these we must believe, or give up our Holy Religion to Atheists and Infidels.

I shall now make a few Inferences and Observations from what hath been said.

First, It would be well if People would not lay so much Weight on their own Reason in Matters of Religion, as to think every thing impossible and absurd which they cannot conceive. How often do we contradict the right Rules of Reason in the whole Course of our Lives? *Reason* itself is true and just, but the *Reason* of every particular Man is weak and wavering, perpetually sway'd and turn'd by his Interests, his Passions, and his Vices. Let any Man but consider, when he hath a Controversy with another, though his Cause be ever so unjust, though the whole World be against him, how blinded he is by the Love of himself, to believe that Right is Wrong, and Wrong is Right, when it makes for his own Advantage. Where is then the right Use of his Reason which he so much boasts of, and which he would blasphemously set up to controul the Commands of the Almighty?

Secondly,

Secondly, When Men are tempted to deny the Mysteries of Religion, let them examine and search into their own Hearts, whether they have not some favourite Sin which is of their Party in this Dispute, and which is equally contrary to other Commands of God in the Gospel. For, why do Men love Darkness rather than Light? The Scripture tells us, *Because their Deeds are evil*; and there can be no other Reason assigned. Therefore when Men are curious and inquisitive to discover some weak Sides in Christianity, and inclined to favour every thing that is offered to its Disadvantage, it is plain they wish it were not true, and those Wishes can proceed from nothing but an evil Conscience; because, if there be Truth in our Religion, their Condition must be miserable.

And therefore, *Thirdly*, Men should consider, that raising Difficulties concerning the Mysteries in Religion, cannot make them more wise, learned, or virtuous; better Neighbours, or Friends, or more serviceable to their Country; but, whatever they pretend, will destroy their inward Peace of Mind, by perpetual Doubts and Fears arising in their Breasts. And God forbid we should ever see the Times so bad, when dangerous Opinions in Religion will be a Means to get Favour and Preferment; although even in such a Case it would be an ill Traffick, to gain the World, and lose our own Souls. So that upon the whole it will be impossible to find any real Use towards a virtuous

tuous or happy Life, by denying the Myſteries of the Goſpel,

Fourthly, Thoſe ſtrong Unbelievers, who expect that all Myſteries ſhould be ſquared and fitted to their own Reaſon might have ſomething to ſay for themſelves, if they could ſatisfy the general Reaſon of Mankind in their Opinions; but herein they are miſerably defective, abſurd, and ridiculous; they ſtrain at a Gnat, and ſwallow a Camel; they can believe that the World was made by Chance; that God doth not concern himſelf with Things below, will neither puniſh Vice, nor reward Virtue; that Religion was invented by cunning Men to keep the World in awe; with many other Opinions equally falſe and deteſtable, againſt the common Light of Nature as well as Reaſon; againſt the univerſal Sentiments of all civilized Nations, and offenſive to the Ears even of a ſober Heathen.

Laſtly, Since the World abounds with peſtilent Books particularly written againſt this Doctrine of the Trinity; it is fit to inform you, that the Authors of them proceed wholly upon a Miſtake: They would ſhew how impoſſible it is that *Three* can be *One*, and *One* can be *Three*: Whereas the Scripture ſaith no ſuch Thing, at leaſt in that Manner they would make it: But only that there is ſome kind of Unity and Diſtinction in the Divine Nature, which Mankind cannot poſſibly comprehend; Thus

Thus the whole Doctrine is short and plain, and in itself incapable of any Controversy; since God himself hath pronounced the Fact, but wholly concealed the Manner. And therefore many Divines who thought fit to answer those wicked Books, have been mistaken too, by answering Fools in their Folly; and endeavouring to explain a Mystery which God intended to keep secret from us. And as I would exhort all Men to avoid reading those wicked Books written against this Doctrine, as dangerous and pernicious; so I think they may omit the Answers, as unnecessary. This I confess will probably affect but few or none among the Generality of our Congregations, who do not much trouble themselves with Books, at least of this kind. However, many who do not read themselves, are seduced by others that do; and thus become Unbelievers upon Trust and at second hand; and this is too frequent a Case: For which Reason I have endeavoured to put this Doctrine upon a short and sure Foot, levelled to the meanest Understanding; by which we may, as the Apostle directs, be ready always to give an Answer to every Man that asketh us a Reason of the Hope that is in us, with Meekness and Fear.

And thus I have done with my Subject, which probably I should not have chosen, if I had not been invited to it by the Occasion of this Season, appointed on purpose to celebrate the Mysteries of the Trinity, and the Descent

of the Holy Ghost, wherein we pray to be kept stedfast in this Faith ; and what this Faith is I have shewn you in the plainest manner I could. For upon the whole, it is no more than this : God commands us, by our Dependence upon his Truth and his holy Word, to believe a Fact that we do not understand. And this is no more than what we do every Day in the Works of Nature, upon the Credit of Men of Learning. Without Faith we can do no Works acceptable to God ; for if they proceed from any other Principle, they will not advance our Salvation ; and this Faith, as I have explained it, we may acquire without giving up our Senses, or contradicting our Reason. May God of his infinite Mercy inspire us with true Faith in every Article and Mystery of our Holy Religion, so as to dispose us to do what is pleasing in his Sight ; and this we pray through Jesus Christ, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, the mysterious incomprehensible One GOD, be all Honour and Glory now and for evermore. *Amen.*



O N

Mutual SUBJECTION.

I St. PETER V. 5.

Yea, all of you be subject one to another.

THE Apostle having in many Parts of this Epistle given Directions to Christians concerning the Duty of Subjection or Obedience to Superiors; in the several Instances of the Subject to the Prince, the Child to his Parent, the Servant to his Master, the Wife to her Husband, and the Younger, to the Elder, doth here in the Words of my Text, sum up the Whole, by advancing a Point of Doctrine, which at first may appear a little extraordinary; *Yea, all of you, saith he, be subject one to another.* For it should seem, that two Persons cannot properly be said to be subject to each other, and that Subjection

is only due from Inferiors to those above them: Yet Saint Paul hath several Passages to the same Purpose. For he exhorts the Romans †, in Honour to prefer one another; and the Philip-pians §, that in Lowliness of Mind they should let each esteem other better than themselves; and the Ephesians *, that they should submit themselves one to another in the Fear of the Lord. Here we find these two great Apostles recommending to all Christians this Duty of mutual Subjection. For we may observe by St. Peter, that having mentioned the several Relations which Men bear to each other, as Governor and Subject, Master and Servant, and the rest which I have already repeated, he makes no Exception, but sums up the whole with commanding *All to be subject one to another*. From whence we may conclude, that this Subjection due from all Men to all Men, is something more than the Compliment of Courte, when our Betters are pleased to tell us they are our humble Servants, but understand us to be their Slaves.

I know very well, that some of those who explain this Text, apply it to Humility, to the Duties of Charity, to private Exhortations, and to bearing with each other's Infirmities; and it is probable the Apostle may have had a Regard to all these. But however, many learned Men agree, that there is something more understood, and so the Words in their plain

† Rom. xii. 10. § Philip. ii. 3. * Ephes. v. 21.

plain natural Meaning must import ; as you will observe yourselves, if you read them with the beginning of the Verse, which is thus ; *Likewise ye Younger submit yourselves unto the Elder ; yea, all of you be subject one to another.* So that upon the whole there must be some kind of Subjection due from every Man to every Man, which cannot be made void by any Power, Præeminence, or Authority whatsoever. Now what sort of Subjection this is, and how it ought to be paid, shall be the Subject of my present Discourse.

As God hath contrived all the Works of Nature to be useful, and in some manner a Support to each other, by which the whole Frame of the World under his Providence is preserved and kept up ; so, among Mankind, our particular Stations are appointed to each of us by God Almighty, wherein we are obliged to act, as far as our Power reacheth, towards the Good of the whole Community. And he who doth not perform that Part assigned him, towards advancing the Benefit of the Whole, in proportion to his Opportunities and Abilities, is not only an useless, but a very mischievous Member of the Publick : Because he takes his Share of the Profit, and yet leaves his Share of the Burden to be born by others, which is the true principal Cause of most Miseries and Misfortunes in Life. For, a wise Man who does not assist with his Counsels, a great Man with his Protection, a rich Man with

with his Bounty and Charity, and a poor Man with his Labour, are perfect Nulances in a Commonwealth. Neither is any Condition of Life more honourable in the Sight of God than another ; otherwise he would be a Respector of Persons, which he assures us he is not : For he hath proposed the same Salvation to all Men, and hath only placed them in different Ways or Stations to work it out. Princes are born with no more Advantages of Strength or Wildom than other Men ; and by an unhappy Education, are usually more defective in both than thousands of their Subjects. They depend for every Necessary of Life upon the meanest of their People : Besides, Obedience and Subjection were never enjoined by God to humour the Passions, Lusts, and Vanities of those who demand them from us ; but we are commanded to obey our Governors, because Disobedience would breed Seditions in the State. Thus Servants are directed to obey their Masters, Children their Parents, and Wives their Husbands ; not from any Respect of Persons in God, but because otherwise there would be nothing but Confusion in private Families. This Matter will be clearly explained, by considering the Comparison which *St. Paul* makes between the Church of Christ and the Body of Man : for the same Resemblance will hold, not only to Families and Kingdoms, but the whole Corporation

ration of Mankind. § *The Eye*, saith he, *cannot say unto the Hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the Hand to the Foot, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more, those Members of the Body which seem to be more feeble, are necessary: And whether one Member suffer, all the Members suffer with it; or one Member be honoured, all the Members rejoice with it.* The Case is directly the same among Mankind. The Prince cannot say to the Merchant, I have no need of thee; nor the Merchant to the Labourer, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more those Members, &c. For the Poor are generally more necessary Members of the Commonwealth than the Rich. Which clearly shews, that God never intended such Possessions for the Sake and Service of those to whom he lends them: But because he hath assigned every Man his particular Station to be useful in Life, and this for the Reason given by the Apostle, *that there may be no Schism in the Body.*

From hence may partly be gather'd the Nature of that Subjection which we all owe to one another. God Almighty hath been pleas'd to put us into an imperfect State, where we have perpetual Occasion of each other's Assistance. There is none so low, as not to be in a Capacity of assisting the Highest, nor so high, as not to want the Assistance of the Lowest.

It plainly appears from what hath been said, that no one human Creature is more worthy than

than another in the Sight of God, farther than according to the Goodness or Holiness of their Lives; and that Power, Wealth, and the like outward Advantages, are so far from being the Marks of God's approving or preferring those on whom they are bestowed, that, on the contrary, he is pleased to suffer them to be almost engrossed by those who have least Title to his Favour. Now according to this Equality wherein God hath placed all Mankind with relation to himself, you will observe, that in all the Relations between Man and Man, there is a mutual Dependence, whereby the one cannot subsist without the other. Thus, no Man can be a Prince without Subjects, nor a Master without Servants, nor a Father without Children. And this both explains and confirms the Doctrine of the Text: For, where there is a mutual Dependence, there must be a mutual Duty, and consequently a mutual Subjection. For Instance, the Subject must obey his Prince, because God commands it, human Laws require it, and the Safety of the Publick makes it necessary. (For the same Reasons we must obey all that are in Authority, and submit ourselves not only to the Good and Gentle, but also to the Froward, whether they rule according to our Liking or no.) On the other Side, in those Countries that pretend to Freedom, Princes are subject to those Laws which their People have chosen; they are bound to protect their Subjects in Liberty, Property, and Religion, to receive their Petitions, and redress their

their Grievances: So that the best Prince is, in the Opinion of wise Men, only the greatest Servant of the Nation; not only a Servant to the Publick in general, but in some sort to every Man in it. In the like maner, a Servant owes Obedience, and Diligence, and Faithfulness to his Master, from whom at the same time he hath a just Demand for Protection, and Maintenance, and gentle Treatment. Nay, even the poor Beggar hath a just Demand of an Alms from the Rich Man, who is guilty of Fraud, Injustice and Oppression, if he does not afford Relief according to his Abilities.

But this Subjection we all owe one another is no where more necessary, than in the common Conversations of Life; for without it there could be no Society among Men. If the Learned would not sometimes submit to the Ignorant, the Wise to the Simple, the Gentle to the Froward, the Old to the Weaknesses of the Young, there would be nothing but everlasting Variance in the World. This our Saviour himself confirmed by his own Example; for he appeared in the Form of a Servant, and washed his Disciples Feet, adding those memorable Words, *Ye call me Lord and Master, and ye say well, for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, wash your Feet, how much more ought ye to wash one another's Feet?* Under which Expression of washing the Feet, is included all that Subjection, Assistance, Love, and Duty, which every good Christian ought to pay his Brother, in whatever Station God hath

hath placed him. For the greatest Prince and the meanest Slave are not by infinite Degrees so distant, as our Saviour and those Disciples whose Feet he vouchsafed to wash.

And although this Doctrine of subjecting ourselves to one another may seem to grate upon the Pride and Vanity of Mankind, and may therefore be hard to be digested by those who value themselves upon their Greatness or their Wealth; yet it is really no more than what most Men practise upon other Occasions. For if our Neighbour who is our Inferior comes to see us, we rise to receive him, we place him above us, and respect him as if he were better than ourselves; and this is thought both decent and necessary, and is usually called good Manners. Now the Duty required by the Apostle, is, only that we should enlarge our Minds, and that what we thus practise in the common Course of Life, we should imitate in all our Actions and Proceedings whatsoever; since our Saviour tells us, that every Man is our Neighbour, and since we are so ready in the Point of Civility, to yield to others in our own Houses, where only we have any Title to govern.

Having thus shewn you what sort of Subjection it is, which all Men owe one another, and in what Manner it ought to be paid, I shall now draw some Observations from what hath been said.

And

And *First* ; A thorough Practice of this Duty of subjecting ourselves to the Wants and Infirmities of each other, would utterly extinguish in us the Vice of Pride. For, if God has pleased to entrust me with a Talent, not for my own Sake, but for the Service of others, and at the same time hath left me full of Wants and Necessities which others must supply ; I can then have no Cause to set any extraordinary Value upon myself, or to despise my Brother, 'because he hath not the same Talents which were lent to me. His Being may probably be as useful to the Publick as mine, and therefore, by the Rules of right Reason, I am in no sort preferable to him.

Secondly ; 'Tis very manifest from what has been said, that no Man ought to look upon the Advantages of Life, such as Riches, Honour, Power, and the like, as his Property, but meerly as a Trust, which God hath deposited with him, to be employed for the Use of his Brethren ; and God will certainly punish the Breach of that Trust, though the Laws of Man will not, or rather indeed cannot ; because the Trust was conferred only by God, who has not left it to any Power on Earth to decide infallibly, whether a Man makes a good Use of his Talents or no, or to punish him where he fails. And therefore God seems to have more particularly taken this Matter

into his own Hands, and will most certainly reward or punish us in proportion to our good or ill Performance in it. Now, altho' the Advantages which one Man possesseth more than another, may in some Sense be called his Property with respect to other Men, yet with respect to God they are, as I said, only a Trust. Which will plainly appear from hence. If a Man does not use those Advantages to the Good of the Publick, or the Benefit of his Neighbour, it is certain he doth not deserve them, and consequently that God never intended them for a Blessing to him; and on the other Side, whoever does employ his Talents as he ought, will find by his own Experience, that they were chiefly lent him for the Service of others; for to the Service of others he will certainly employ them.

Thirdly; If we could all be brought to practise this Duty of subjecting ourselves to each other, it would very much contribute to the general Happiness of Mankind: for this would root out Envy and Malice from the Heart of Man; because you cannot envy your Neighbour's Strength, if he make use of it to defend your Life, or carry your Burden; you cannot envy his Wisdom, if he gives you good Counsel; nor his Riches, if he supplies you in your Wants; nor his Greatness, if he employs it to your Protection. The Miseries of Life are not properly owing to the unequal Distribution of Things; but God Almighty, the great
King

King of Heaven, is treated like the Kings of the Earth, who although perhaps intending well themselves, have often most abominable Ministers and Stewards, and those generally the vilest, to whom they entrust the most Talents. But here is the Difference, that the Princes of this World see by other Men's Eyes, but God sees all Things; and therefore whenever he permits his Blessings to be dealt among those who are unworthy, we may certainly conclude, that he intends them only as a Punishment to an evil World, as well as to the Owners. It were well if those would consider this, whose Riches serve them only as a Spur to Avarice, or as an Instrument to their Lusts; whose Wisdom is only of this World, to put false Colours upon Things, to call Good Evil, and Evil Good, against the Conviction of their own Consciences; and lastly, who employ their Power and Favour in Acts of Oppression or Injustice, in misrepresenting Persons and Things, or in countenancing the Wicked to the Ruin of the Innocent.

Fourthly; The Practice of this Duty of being subject to one another, would make us rest contented in the several Stations of Life wherein God hath thought fit to place us; because it would, in the best and easiest manner, bring us back as it were to that early State of the Gospel when Christians had all things in common. For if the Poor found the Rich disposed

to supply their Wants ; if the Ignorant found the Wise ready to instruct and direct them ; or if the Weak might always find Protection from the Mighty ; they could none of them with the least Pretence of Justice lament their own Condition.

From all that hath been hitherto said, it appears, that great Abilities of any sort, when they are employed as God directs, do but make the Owners of them greater and more painful Servants to their Neighbour, and the Publick : However, we are by no means to conclude from hence, that they are not really Blessings, when they are in the Hands of Good Men. For first, what can be a greater Honour than to be chosen one of the Stewards and Dispensers of God's Bounty to Mankind ? What is there, that can give a generous Spirit more Pleasure and Complacency of Mind, than to consider, that he is an Instrument of doing much Good ? that great Numbers owe to him, under God, their Subsistence, their Safety, their Health, and the good Conduct of their Lives ? The wickedest Man upon Earth takes a Pleasure in doing good to those he loves : and therefore surely a good Christian, who obeys our Saviour's Command of loving all Men, cannot but take Delight in doing good even to his Enemies. God, who gives all things to all Men, can receive nothing from any ? and those among Men, who do the most Good,

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and receive the fewest Returns, do most resemble their Creator : For which reason Saint *Paul* delivers it as a Saying of our Saviour, that *it is more blessed to give than to receive.* By this Rule, what must become of those Things which the World values as the greatest Blessings, Riches, Power, and the like, when our Saviour plainly determines, that the best way to make them Blessings, it to part with them ? Therefore, although the Advantages which one Man hath over another, may be called Blessings, yet they are by no means so in the Sense the World usually understands. Thus, for Example, great Riches are no Blessing in themselves ; because the poor Man with the common Necessaries of Life enjoys more Health, and has fewer Cares without them : How then do they become Blessings ? No otherwise, than by employing them in feeding the Hungry, cloathing the Naked, rewarding worthy Men, and in short, doing Acts of Charity and Generosity. Thus likewise, Power is no Blessing in itself, because private Men bear less Envy, and Trouble, and Anguish without it. But when it is employed to protect the Innocent, to relieve the Oppressed, and to punish the Oppressor, then it becomes a great Blessing. And so lastly, even great Wisdom is in the Opinion of *Solomon* not a Blessing in itself : For *in much Wisdom is much Sorrow* ; and Men of common Understandings, if they serve God, and mind their

Callings, make fewer Mistakes in the Conduct of Life than those who have better Heads. And yet Wisdom is a mighty Blessing when it is applied to good Purposes, to instruct the Ignorant, to be a faithful Counsellor either in publick or private, to be a Director to Youth, and to many other Ends needless here to mention.

To conclude: God sent us into the World to obey his Commands, by doing as much Good as our Abilities will reach, and as little Evil as our many Infirmities will permit. Some he hath only trusted with one Talent, some with five, and some with ten. No Man is without his Talent; and he that is faithful or negligent in a little, shall be rewarded or punished, as well as he that hath been so in a great deal.

Consider what hath been said, &c.



O N

O N T H E

Testimony of CONSCIENCE.

2 Cor. I. 12. Part of it.

— *For our Rejoycing is this, the Testimony
of our Conscience.*

TH E R E is no Word more frequently in the Mouths of Men, than that of *Conscience*, and the Meaning of it is in some measure generally understood: However, because it is likewise a Word extremely abused by many People, who apply other Meanings to it, which God Almighty never intended; I shall explain it to you in the clearest Manner I am able. The Word *Conscience* properly signifies that Knowledge which a Man hath within himself of his own Thoughts and Actions. And because if a Man judgeth fairly of his own Actions by comparing them with the Law of God, his Mind will either approve or condemn him according as he hath done.

done Good or Evil ; therefore this Knowledge or Conscience may properly be called both an Accuser and a Judge. So that whenever our Conscience accuseth us, we are certainly guilty ; but we are not always innocent when it doth not accuse us : For very often, through the Hardness of our Hearts, or the Fondness and Favour we bear to ourselves, or through Ignorance, or Neglect, we do not suffer our Conscience to take any Cognisance of several Sins we commit. There is another Office likewise belonging to Conscience, which is that of being our Director and Guide ; and the wrong Use of this hath been the Occasion of more Evils under the Sun, than almost all other Causes put together. For, as Conscience is nothing else but the Knowledge we have of what we are thinking and doing ; so it can guide us no farther than that Knowledge reacheth. And therefore God hath placed Conscience in us to be our Director only in those Actions which Scripture and Reason plainly tell us to be good or evil. But in Cases too difficult or doubtful for us to comprehend or determine, there Conscience is not concerned ; because it cannot advise in what it doth not understand, nor decide where it is itself in doubt : But by God's great Mercy, those difficult Points are never of absolute Necessity to our Salvation. There is likewise another Evil, that Men often say, a Thing is against their Conscience, when really it is not. For Instance : Ask any of those who differ from the Worship established, why they do not come to

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Church, they will say, they dislike the Ceremonies, the Prayers, the Habits, and the like, and therefore it goes against their Conscience : But they are mistaken, their Teacher hath put those Words into their Mouth ; for a Man's Conscience can go no higher than his Knowledge ; and therefore till he has thoroughly examined by Scripture, and the Practice of the ancient Church, whether those Points are blameable or no, his Conscience cannot possibly direct him to condemn them. Hence have likewise arisen those Mistakes about what is usually called *Liberty of Conscience* ; which, properly speaking, is no more than a Liberty of knowing our own Thoughts ; which Liberty no one can take from us. But those Words have obtained quite different Meanings : Liberty of Conscience is now-a-days not only understood to be the Liberty of believing what Men please, but also of endeavouring to propagate that Belief as much as they can, and to overthrow the Faith which the Laws have already established, and to be rewarded by the Publick for those wicked Endeavours : And this is the Liberty of Conscience which the Fanaticks are now openly in the Face of the World endeavouring at with their utmost Application. At the same time it cannot but be observed, that those very Persons, who under Pretence of a publick Spirit and Tenderneſs towards their Christian Brethren, are so jealous for such a Liberty of Conscience as this, are of all others the least tender to those who differ from them in the smallest Point relating to Government ; and I wish I could
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not say, that the Majesty of the living God may be offended with more Security than the Memory of a dead Prince. But the Wisdom of the World at present seems to agree with that of the Heathen Emperor, who said, If the Gods were offended, it was their own Concern, and they were able to vindicate themselves.

But although Conscience hath been abused to those wicked Purposes which I have already related, yet a due Regard to the Directions it plainly gives us, as well as to its Accusations, Reproaches and Advices, would be of the greatest Use to Mankind, both for their present Welfare and future Happiness.

Therefore my Discourse at this Time shall be directed to prove to you, that there is no solid, firm Foundation for Virtue, but on a Conscience which is guided by Religion.

In order to this, I shall first shew you the Weakness and Uncertainty of two false Principles which many People set up in the Place of Conscience, for a Guide to their Actions.

The first of these Principles is, what the World usually calls *Moral Honesty*. There are some People, who appear very indifferent as to Religion, and yet have the Repute of being just and fair in their Dealings; and these are generally known by the Character of good Moral Men. But now if you look into the Grounds and the Motives of such a Man's Actions, you shall find them to be no other than his own Ease and Interest. For Example: You trust a
moral

moral Man with your Money in the Way of Trade, you trust another with the Defence of your Cause at Law, and perhaps they both deal justly with you. Why? Not from any Regard they have for Justice, but because their Fortune depends upon their Credit, and a Stain of open publick Dishonesty must be to their Disadvantage. But let it consist with such a Man's Interest and Safety to wrong you, and then it will be impossible you can have any Hold upon him; because there is nothing left to give him a Check, or to put in the Balance against his Profit. For if he hath nothing to govern himself by but the Opinion of the World, as long as he can conceal his Injustice from the World, he thinks he is safe.

Besides, it is found by Experience, that those Men who set up for Morality without regard to Religion, are generally but virtuous in part; they will be just in their Dealings between Man and Man, but if they find themselves disposed to Pride, Lust, Intemperance, or Avarice, they do not think their Morality concerned to check them in any of these Vices; because it is the great Rule of such Men, that they may lawfully follow the Dictates of Nature, wherever their Safety, Health, and Fortune are not injured. So that upon the whole, there is hardly one Vice which a meer moral Man may not upon some Occasions allow himself to practise.

The other false Principle, which some Men set up in the Place of Conscience to be their Director

Director in Life, is, what those who pretend to it call, *Honour*.

This Word is often made the Sanction of an Oath ; it is reckoned a great Commendation to be a Man of strict Honour ; and it is commonly understood, that a Man of Honour can never be guilty of a base Action. This is usually the Stile of Military Men, of Persons with Titles, and of others who pretend to Birth and Quality. 'Tis true indeed, that in ancient Times it was universally understood, that Honour was the Reward of Virtue ; but if such Honour as is now-a-days going will not permit a Man to do a base Action, it must be allowed, there are very few such Things as base Actions in Nature. No Man of Honour, as that Word is usually understood, did ever pretend that his Honour obliged him to be chaste or temperate, to pay his Creditors, to be useful to his Country, to do good to Mankind, to endeavour to be wise or learned, to regard his Word, his Promise, or his Oath ; or if he hath any of these Virtues, they were never learned in the Catechism of Honour, which contains but two Precepts, the punctual Payment of Debts contracted at Play, and the right understanding the several Degrees of an Affront, in order to revenge it by the Death of an Adversary.

But suppose this Principle of Honour, which some Men so much boast of, did really produce more Virtues than it ever pretended to ; yet since the very Being of that Honour dependeth
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upon the Breath, the Opinion, or the Fancy of the People, the Virtues derived from it could be of no long or certain Duration. For Example : Suppose a Man from a Principle of Honour should resolve to be just, or chaste, or temperate, and yet the censuring World should take a Humour of refusing him those Characters, he would then think the Obligation at an End. Or on the other Side, if he thought he could gain Honour by the falsest and vilest Action (which is a Case that very often happens,) he would then make no Scruple to perform it. And God knows, it would be an unhappy State, to have the Religion, the Liberty, or the Property of a People lodged in such Hands, which however hath been too often the Case.

What I have said upon this Principle of Honour may perhaps be thought of small Concernment to most of you who are my Hearers : However, a Caution was not altogether unnecessary ; since there is nothing by which not only the Vulgar, but the honest Tradesman hath been so much deceived, as this infamous Pretence to Honour in too many of their Betters.

Having thus shewn you the Weakness and Uncertainty of those Principles which some Men set up in the Place of Conscience to direct them in their Actions, I shall now endeavour to prove to you that there is no solid, firm

Foundation of Virtue, but in a Conscience directed by the Principles of Religion.

There is no way of judging how far we may depend upon the Actions of Men, otherwise than by knowing the Motives, and Grounds, and Causes of them; and if the Motives of our Actions be not resolved and determin'd into the Law of God, they will be precarious and uncertain, and liable to perpetual Changes. I will shew you what I mean, by an Example: Suppose a Man thinks it his Duty to obey his Parents, because Reason tells him so, because he is obliged by Gratitude, and because the Laws of his Country command him to do so: If he stops here, his Parents can have no lasting Security; for an Occasion may happen, wherein it may be extremely his Interest to be disobedient, and where the Laws of the Land can lay no hold upon him: Therefore before such a Man can safely be trusted, he must proceed farther, and consider, that his Reason is the Gift of God; that God commanded him to be obedient to the Laws, and did moreover in a particular manner enjoin him to be dutiful to his Parents; after which, if he lays due Weight upon those Considerations, he will probably continue in his Duty to the End of his Life: Because no earthly Interest can ever come in Competition to balance the Danger of offending his Creator, or the Happiness of pleasing him. And of all this his Conscience will certainly inform him, if he hath any Regard to Religion.

Secondly;

Secondly; Fear and Hope are the two greatest natural Motives of all Men's Actions: But neither of these Passions will ever put us in the way of Virtue, unless they be directed by Conscience. For altho' virtuous Men do sometimes accidentally make their way to Preferment, yet the World is so corrupted, that no Man can reasonably hope to be rewarded in it, merely upon account of his Virtue. And consequently the Fear of Punishment in this Life, will preserve Men from very few Vices, since some of the blackest and basest do often prove the surest Steps to Favour; such as Ingratitude, Hypocrisy, Treachery, Malice, Subornation, Atheism, and many more which human Laws do little concern themselves about. But when Conscience placeth before us the Hopes of everlasting Happiness, and the Fears of everlasting Misery, as the Reward and Punishment of our good or evil Actions, our Reason can find no way to avoid the Force of such an Argument, otherwise than by running into Infidelity.

Lastly; Conscience will direct us to love God, and to put our whole Trust and Confidence in Him. Our Love of God will inspire us with a Detestation for Sin, as what is of all Things most contrary to his Divine Nature; and if we have an entire Confidence in him, *that* will enable us to subdue and despise all the Allurements of the World.

It may here be objected, If Conscience be so sure a Director to us Christians in the Conduct
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of our Lives, how comes it to pass that the ancient Heathens, who had no other Lights but those of Nature and Reason, should so far exceed us in all manner of Virtue, as plainly appears by many Examples they have left on record ?

To which it may be answered ; First, those Heathens were extremely strict and exact in the Education of their Children ; whereas among us this Care is so much laid aside, that the more God has blessed any Man with Estate or Quality, just so much less in Proportion is the Care he takes in the Education of his Children, and particularly of that Child which is to inherit his Fortune ; of which the Effects are visible enough among the Great Ones of the World. Again, those Heathens did in a particular manner instil the Principle into their Children of loving their Country, which is so far otherwise now-a-days, that, of the several Parties among us, there is none of them that seem to have so much as heard whether there be such a Virtue in the World, as plainly appears by their Practices, and especially when they are placed in those Stations where they can only have Opportunity of shewing it. Lastly ; The most considerable among the Heathens did generally believe Rewards and Punishments in a Life to come ; which is the great Principle for Conscience to work upon : Whereas too many of those who would be thought the most considerable among us, do, both by their Practices and their Discourses, plainly affirm,

firm, that they believe nothing at all of the Matter.

Wherefore since it hath manifestly appeared that a Religious Conscience is the only true solid Foundation upon which Virtue can be built, give me leave, before I conclude, to let you see how necessary such a Conscience is, to conduct us in every Station and Condition of our Lives.

That a Religious Conscience is necessary in any Station, is confessed even by those who tell us that all Religion was invented by cunning Men in order to keep the World in Awe. For if Religion, by the Confession of its Adversaries, be necessary toward the well-governing of Mankind; then every wise Man in Power will be sure not only to chuse out for every Station under him such Persons as are most likely to be kept in Awe by Religion, but likewise to carry some Appearance of it himself, or else he is a very weak Politician. And accordingly in any Country where great Persons affect to be open Despisers of Religion, their Counsels will be found at last to be fully as destructive to the State as to the Church.

It was the Advice of *Jethro* to his Son-in-Law *Moses*, to *provide able Men, such as fear God, Men of Truth, hating Covetousness*, and to place such over the People; and *Moses*, who was as wise a Statesman at least as any in this

this Age, thought fit to follow that Advice. Great Abilities, without the Fear of God, are most dangerous Instruments when they are trusted with Power. The Laws of Man have thought fit, that those who are called to any Office of Trust should be bound by an Oath to the faithful Discharge of it: But an Oath is an Appeal to God, and therefore can have no Influence except upon those who believe that he is, and that he is a Rewarder of those that seek him, and a Punisher of those who disobey him: And therefore, we see, the Laws themselves are forced to have recourse to Conscience in these Cases, because their Penalties cannot reach the Arts of cunning Men, who can find Ways to be guilty of a thousand Injustices without being discovered, or at least without being punished. And the Reason why we find so many Frauds, Abuses, and Corruptions where any Trust is conferred, can be no other, than that there is so little Conscience and Religion left in the World, or at least that Men in their Choice of Instruments have private Ends in view, which are very different from the Service of the Publick. Besides, it is certain, that Men who profess to have no Religion, are full as zealous to bring over Profelytes as any Papist or Fanatick can be. And therefore, if those who are in Station high enough to be of Influence or Example to others; if those (I say) openly profess a Contempt or Disbelief of Religion, they will

will be sure to make all their Dependents of their own Principles; and what Security can the Publick expect from such Persons, whenever their Interests or their Lusts come into Competition with their Duty? It is very possible for a Man who hath the Appearance of Religion, and is a great Pretender to Conscience, to be wicked and an Hypocrite; but it is impossible for a Man who openly declares against Religion, to give any reasonable Security that he will not be false and cruel, and corrupt, whenever a Temptation offers, which he values more than he does the Power wherewith he was trusted. And if such a Man doth not betray his Cause and his Master, it is only because the Temptation was not properly offered, or the Profit was too small, or the Danger too great. And hence it is that we find so little Truth or Justice among us, because they are so very few, who either in the Service of the Publick, or in common Dealings with each other, do ever look farther than their own Advantage, and how to guard themselves against the Laws of the Country; which a Man may do by Favour, by Secresy, or by Cunning, though he breaks almost every Law of God.

Therefore to conclude: It plainly appears, that unless Men are guided by the Advice and Judgment of Conscience founded on Religion, they can give no Security that they will be either good Subjects, faithful Servants of the Publick,

Publick, or honest in their mutual Dealings ; since there is no other Tie through which the Pride, or Lust, or Avarice, or Ambition of Mankind will not certainly break one Time or other.

Consider what has been said, &c.



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D I F F I C U L T Y
O F
Knowing One's Self.

2 KINGS viii. Part of the 13th Verse.

And Hazael said, But what, is thy Servant a Dog, that he should do this great Thing?

WE have here a very signal Instance of the Deceitfulness of the Heart, represented to us in the Person of *Hazael*; who was sent to the Prophet *Elisha*, to enquire of the

the Lord concerning his Master the King of Syria's Recovery. For the Man of God having told him that the King might recover from the Disorder he was then labouring under, begun to set and fasten his Countenance upon him of a sudden, and to break out into the most violent Expressions of Sorrow, and a deep Concern for it; whereupon, when *Hazael*, full of Shame and Confusion, asked, *Why weepeth my Lord?* he answered, *Because I know all the Evil that thou wilt do unto the Children of Israel; their strong Holds wilt thou set on fire, and their young Men wilt thou slay with the Sword, and wilt dash their Children, and rip up their Women with Child.* Thus much did the Man of God say and know of him, by a Light darted into his Mind from Heaven. But *Hazael* not knowing himself so well as the other did, was startled and amazed at the Relation, and would not believe it possible that a Man of his Temper could ever run out into such enormous Instances of Cruelty and Inhumanity. *What, says he, is thy Servant a Dog, that he should do this great Thing?* And yet, for all this, 'tis highly probable that he was then that very Man, he could not imagine himself to be; for we find him, on the very next Day after his Return, in a very treacherous and disloyal Manner murdering his own Master, and usurping his Kingdom; which was but a Prologue to that sad Tragedy which he afterwards acted upon the People of *Israel*.

And

And now the Case is but very little better with most Men, than it was with *Hazael*; however it comes to pass, they are wonderfully unacquainted with their own Temper and Disposition, and know very little of what passes within them: For of so many proud, ambitious, revengeful, envying, and ill-natured Persons that are in the World, where is there one of them, who altho' he has all the Symptoms of the Vice appearing upon every Occasion, can look with such an impartial Eye upon himself, as to believe that the Imputation thrown upon him is not altogether groundless and unfair? who, if he were told by Men of a discerning Spirit and a strong Conjecture, of all the evil and absurd Things which that false Heart of his would at one Time or other betray him into, would not believe as little, and wonder as much as *Hazael* did before him? Thus, for Instance; tell an angry Person, that he is weak and impotent, and of no Consistency of Mind; tell him, that such or such a little Accident, which he may then despise, and think much below a Passion, shall hereafter make him say and do several absurd, indiscreet, and misbecoming Things: He may perhaps own that he has a Spirit of Resentment within him, that will not let him be imposed on, but he fondly imagines that he can lay a becoming Restraint upon it when he pleases, tho' 'tis ever running away with him into some Indecency or other.

Therefore,

Therefore, to bring down the Words of my Text to our present Occasion, I shall endeavour, in a further Prosecution of them, to evince the great Necessity of a nice and curious Inspection into the several Recesses of the Heart, that being the surest and the shortest Method that a wicked Man can take to reform himself: For let us but stop the Fountain, and the Streams will spend and waste themselves away in a very little Time; but if we go about, like Children, to raise a Bank, and to stop the Current, not taking Notice all the while of the Spring which continually feeds it, when the next Flood of a Temptation rises and breaks in upon it, then we shall find that we have begun at the wrong End of our Duty, and that we are very little more the better for it, than if we had sate still, and made no Advances at all.

But, in order to a clearer Explanation of this Point, I shall speak to these following Particulars.

First, By endeavouring to prove, *from particular Instances*, that Man is generally the most ignorant Creature in the World of himself.

Secondly, By enquiring into the Grounds and Reasons of this Ignorance.

Thirdly, and *Lastly*, By proposing several Advantages that *do most assuredly* attend a due Improvement in the Knowledge of ourselves.

First.

First then. To prove that Man is generally the most ignorant Creature in the World of himself.

To pursue the Heart of Man thro' all the Instances of Life, in all its several Windings and Turnings, and under that infinite Variety of Shapes and Appearances which it puts on, would be a difficult and almost impossible Undertaking ; so that I shall confine myself to such as have a nearer Reference to the present Occasion, and do, upon a closer View, shew themselves thro' the whole Business of Repentance. For we all know what it is to repent ; but whether he repents him truly of his Sins or no, who can know it ?

Now the great Duty of Repentance is chiefly made up of these two Parts, a hearty Sorrow for the Follies and Miscarriages of the Time past, and a full Purpose and Resolution of Amendment for the Time to come. And now, to shew the Falseness of the Heart in both these Parts of Repentance. And

First, As to a hearty Sorrow for the Sins and Miscarriages of the Time past. Is there a more usual Thing than for a Man to impose upon himself, by putting on a grave and demure Countenance, by casting a severe Look into his past Conduct, and making some few pious and devout Reflections upon it, and then to believe that he has repented to an excellent Purpose, without ever letting it step forth into

Practice, and shew itself in a holy Conversation? Nay, some Persons do carry the Deceit a little higher; who if they can but bring themselves to weep for their Sins, they are then full of an ill-grounded Confidence and Security; never considering that all this may prove to be no more than the very Garb and outward Dress of a contrite Heart, which another Heart, as hard the nether Mill-stone, may as well put on. For Tears and Sighs, however in some Persons they may be decent and commendable Expressions of a godly Sorrow, are neither necessary, nor infallible Signs of a true and unfeigned Repentance. Not necessary, because sometimes, and in some Persons, the inward Grief and Anguish of the Mind may be too big to be expressed by so little a Thing as a Tear, and then it turns its Edge inwards upon the Mind; and like those Wounds of the Body which bleed inwardly, it generally proves the most fatal and dangerous to the whole Body of Sin: Not infallible, because a very small Portion of Sorrow may make some tender Dispositions melt, and break out into Tears; or a Man may perhaps weep at parting with his Sins, as he would to bid the last Farewell to an old Friend he was sure never to see again.

But there is still a more pleasant Cheat in this Affair, that when we find a Deadness, and a strange kind of Unaptness and Indisposition to all Impressions of Religion, and that we cannot be as truly sorry for our Sins as we should

should be, we then pretend to be sorry that we are not more sorry for them; which is not less absurd and irrational, than that a Man should pretend to be very angry at a Thing, because he did not know how to be angry at all.

But after all, what is wanting in this Part of Repentance, we expect to make it up in the next; and to that Purpose we put on a Resolution of Amendment, which we take to be as firm as a House built upon a Rock; so that let the Floods arise, and the Winds blow, and the Streams beat vehemently upon it, nothing shall shake it into Ruin and Disorder. We doubt not, upon the Strength of this Resolve, to stand fast and unmoved amidst the Storm of a Temptation; and do firmly believe, at the Time we make it, that nothing in the World will ever be able to make us commit those Sins over again, which we have so firmly resolved against.

Thus many a Time have we come to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, with a full Purpose of Amendment, and with as full Perswasion of putting that same Purpose into Practice; and yet have we not all as often broke that good Purpose, and falsified that same Perswasion, by starting aside, like a broken Bow, into those very Sins, which we then so solemnly and confidently declared against?

Whereas had but any other Person entered with us into a Vow so solemn, that he had

taken the Holy Sacrament upon it, I believe had he but once deceived us by breaking in upon the Vow, we should hardly ever after be prevailed upon to trust that Man again, tho' we still continue to trust our own Hears, against Reason and against Experience.

This indeed is a dangerous Deceit enough, and will of course betray all those well-meaning Persons into Sin and Folly, who are apt to take Religion for a much easier thing than it is. But this is not the only Mistake we are apt to run into; we do not only think sometimes that we can do more than we can do, but sometimes that we are incapable of doing less; an Error of another Kind indeed, but not less dangerous, arising from a Diffidence and a false Humility. For how much a wicked Man can do in the Business of Religion, if he would do but his best, is very often more than he can tell.

Thus nothing is more common than to see a wicked Man running headlong into Sin and Folly, against his Reason, against his Religion, and against his God. Tell him, that what he is going to do will be an infinite Disparagement to his Understanding, which, at another Time, he sets no small Value upon; tell him that it will blacken his Reputation, which he had rather die for than lose; tell him that the Pleasure of the Sin is short and transient, and leaves a vexatious kind of a Sting behind it, which will very hardly be drawn forth; tell him that
this

this is one of those things for which God will most surely bring him to Judgment, which he pretends to believe with a full Assurance and Persuasion: And yet for all this, he shuts his Eyes against all Conviction, and rushes into the Sin, like a Horse into the Battle; as if he had nothing left to do, but like a silly Child to wink hard, and to think to escape a certain and an infinite Mischief, only by endeavouring not to see it.

And now to shew that the Heart has given in a false Report of the Temptation, we may learn from this, that the same weak Man would resist and master the same powerful Temptation, upon Considerations of infinitely less Value than those which Religion offers, nay such vile Considerations, that the Grace of God cannot without Blasphemy be supposed to add any manner of Force and Efficacy to them. Thus for Instance, it would be a hard Matter to dress up a Sin in such soft and tempting Circumstances, that a truly covetous Man would not resist for a considerable Sum of Money; when neither the Hopes of Heaven nor the Fears of Hell could make an Impression upon him before. But can any thing be a surer Indication of the Deceitfulness of the Heart, than thus to shew more Courage, Resolution, and Activity in an ill Cause, than it does in a good one? and to exert itself to better Purpose, when it is to serve its own Pride, or Lust, or Revenge, or any other Passion, than when it is to

serve God upon the Motives of the Gospel, and upon all the Arguments that ever have been made use of to bring Men over to Religion and a good Life? And thus having shewn that a Man is wonderfully apt to deceive and impose upon himself, in passing thro' the several Stages of that great Duty, Repentance, I proceed now, in the

Second Place, To enquire into the Grounds and Reasons of this Ignorance, *and to shew whence it comes to pass that a Man, the only Creature in the World that can reflect and look into himself, should know so little of what passes within him, and be so very much unacquainted even with the standing Dispositions and Complexion of his own Heart.* The prime Reason of it is, because we so very seldom converse with ourselves, and take so little Notice of what passes within us: For a Man can no more know his own Heart than he can know his own Face, any other Way than by Reflection: He may as well tell over every Feature of the smaller Portions of his Face without the Help of a Looking-Glass, as he can tell all the inward Bents and Tendencies of the Soul, those standing Features and Lineaments of the inward Man, and know all the various Changes that this is liable to from Custom, from Passion, and from Opinion, without a very frequent Use of looking within himself.

For our Passions and Inclinations are not always upon the Wing, and always moving towards.

towards their respective Objects, but retire now and then into the more dark and hidden Recesses of the Heart, where they lie concealed for a while, till a fresh Occasion calls them forth again : So that not every transient, oblique Glance upon the Mind, can bring a Man into a thorough Knowledge of all its Strengths and Weaknesses ; for a Man may sometimes turn the Eye of the Mind inward upon itself, as he may behold his natural Face in a Glass, and go away, and strait forget what manner of Man he was. But a Man must rather sit down and unravel every Action of the past Day into all its Circumstances and Particularities, and observe how every little thing moved and affected him, and what manner of Impression it made upon his Heart ; this done with that Frequency and Carefulness which the Importance of the Duty does require, would in a short time bring him into a near and intimate Acquaintance with himself.

But when Men instead of this do pass away Months and Years in a perfect Slumber of the Mind, without once awaking it, it is no Wonder they should be so very ignorant of themselves, and know very little more of what passes within them, than the very Beasts which perish. But here it may not be amiss to enquire into the Reasons why most Men have so little Conversation with themselves.

And *First*, Because this Reflection is a Work and Labour of the Mind, and cannot be performed

formed without some Pain and Difficulty : For before a Man can reflect upon himself, and look into his Heart with a steady Eye, he must contract his Sight, and collect all his scatter'd and roving Thoughts into some Order and Compass, that he may be able to take a clear and distinct View of them ; he must retire from the World for a while, and be unattentive to all Impressions of Sense ; and how hard and painful a thing must it needs be to a Man of Passion and Infirmary, amidst such a Crowd of Objects that are continually striking upon the Sense, and solliciting the Affections, not to be moved and interrupted by one or other of them. But,

Secondly, Another Reason why we so seldom converse with ourselves, is, because the Business of the World takes up all our Time, and leaves us no Portion of it to be spent upon this great Work and Labour of the Mind. Thus twelve or fourteen Years pass away before we can well discern Good from Evil ; and of the rest so much goes away in Sleep, so much in the ordinary Business of Life, and so much in the proper Business of our Calling, that we have none to lay out upon the more serious and religious Employments. Every Man's Life is an imperfect sort of a Circle, which he repeats and runs over every Day ; he has a Set of Thoughts, Desires, and Inclinations, which return upon him in their proper Time and Order, and will very hardly be laid aside to make room for any thing

thing new and uncommon : So that call upon a him when you please, to set about the Study of his own Heart, and you are sure to find him pre-engaged ; either he has some Business to do, or some Diversion to take, some Acquaintance that he must visit, or some Company that he must entertain, or some cross Accident has put him out of Humour, and unfitted him for such a grave Employment. And thus it comes to pass that a Man can never find Leisure to look into himself, because he does not set apart some Portion of the Day for that very Purpose, but foolishly defers it from one Day to another, till his Glass is almost run out, and he is called upon to give a miserable Account of himself in the other World. But,

Thirdly, Another Reason why a Man does not more frequently converse with himself, is, because such a Conversation with his own Heart may discover some Vice or some Infirmary lurking within him, which he is very unwilling to believe himself guilty of. For can there be a more ungrateful Thing to a Man, than to find that upon a nearer View he is not that Person he took himself to be ? that he has neither the Courage, nor the Honesty, nor the Piety, nor the Humility that he dreamt he had ? that a very little Pain, for instance, puts him out of all Patience, and as little Pleasure softens and disarms him into Ease and Wantonness ? that he has been at more Pains, and Labour,

Labour, and Cost, to be revenged of an Enemy, than to oblige the best Friend he has in the World? that he cannot bring himself to say his Prayers without a great deal of Reluctancy; and when he does say them, the Spirit and Fervour of Devotion evaporates in a very short Time, and he can scarcely hold out a Prayer of ten Lines, without a Number of idle and impertinent, if not vain and wicked Thoughts coming into his Head? These are very unwelcome Discoveries that a Man may make of himself; so that 'tis no wonder that every one, who is already flush'd with a good Opinion of himself, should rather study how to run away from it, than how to converse with his own Heart.

But further. If a Man were both able and willing to retire into his own Heart, and to set apart some Portion of the Day for that very Purpose; yet he is still disabled from passing a fair and impartial Judgment upon himself, by several Difficulties, arising partly from Prejudice and Prepossession, partly from the lower Appetites and Inclinations. And,

First, That the Business of Prepossession may lead and betray a Man into a false Judgment of his own Heart. For we may observe that the first Opinion we take up of any thing, or of any Person, does generally stick close to us; the Nature of the Mind being such, that it cannot but desire, and constantly endeavour to have some certain Principles to go upon, something

thing fix'd and unmoveable, whereon it may rest and support itself. And hence it comes to pass, that some Persons are with so much Difficulty brought to think well of a Man they have once entertained an ill Opinion of; and perhaps that too for a very absurd and unwarrantable Reason. But how much more difficult then must it be for a Man, who takes up a fond Opinion of his own Heart, long before he has either Years or Sense enough to understand it, either to be persuaded out of it by himself, whom he loves so well, or by another, whose Interest or Diversion it may be to make him ashamed of himself? Then,

Secondly, As to the Difficulties arising from the inferior Appetites and Inclinations, let any Man look into his own Heart, and observe in how different a Light, and under what different Complexions any two Sins of equal Turpitude and Malignity do appear to him, if he has but a strong Inclination to the one, and none at all to the other. That which he has an Inclination to, is always dressed up in all the false Beauty that a fond and busy Imagination can give it; the other appears naked and deformed, and in all the true Circumstances of Folly and Dishonour. Thus Stealing is a Vice that few Gentlemen are inclined to; and they justly think it below the Dignity of a Man to stoop to so base and low a Sin; but no Principle of Honour, no Workings of the Mind and Conscience, nor the still Voice of Mercy, not

not the dreadful Call of Judgment, nor any Considerations whatsoever, can put a Stop to that Violence and Oppression, that Pride and Ambition, that Revelling and Wantonness, which we every Day meet with in the World. Nay, 'tis easy to observe very different Thoughts in a Man, of the Sin that he is most fond of, according to the different Ebbs and Flows of his Inclination to it. For as soon as the Appetite is alarmed, and seizes upon the Heart, a little Cloud gathers about the Head, and spreads a kind of Darkness over the Face of the Soul, whereby 'tis hindered from taking a clear and distinct View of Things; but no sooner is the Appetite tired and satiated, but that same Cloud passes away like a Shadow, and a new Light springing up in the Mind of a sudden, the Man sees much more, both of the Folly and of the Danger of the Sin, than he did before.

And thus having done with the several Reasons why Man, the only Creature in the World that can reflect and look into himself, is so very ignorant of what passes within him, and so much unacquainted with the standing Dispositions and Complexion of his own Heart: I proceed now, in the

Third and Last Place, to lay down several Advantages, that do *most assuredly* attend a due Improvement in the Knowledge of ourselves. And,

First, One great Advantage is, that it tends very much to mortify and humble a Man into a modest and low Opinion of himself. For let
a Man

a Man take a nice and curious Inspection into all the several Regions of the Heart, and observe every thing irregular and amiss within him; for Instance, how narrow and short-sighted a Thing is the Understanding; upon how little Reason do we take up an Opinion, and upon how much less sometimes do we lay it down again; how weak and false Ground do we often walk upon with the biggest Confidence and Assurance, and how tremulous and doubtful we are very often, where no Doubt is to be made: Again; how wild and impertinent, how busy and incoherent a Thing is the Imagination, even in the best and wisest Men; insomuch that every Man may be said to be mad, but every Man does not shew it. Then as to the Passions; how noisy, how turbulent, and how tumultuous they are; how easily are they stirred and set a going, how eager and hot in the Pursuit, and what strange Disorder and Confusion do they throw a Man into; so that he can neither think, nor speak, nor act as he should do, while he is under the Dominion of any one of them.

Thus let every Man look with a severe and impartial Eye into all the distinct Regions of the Heart, and no doubt, several Deformities and Irregularities, that he never thought of, will open and disclose themselves upon so near a View; and rather make the Man ashamed of himself, than proud.

Secondly, A due Improvement in the Knowledge of ourselves, does certainly secure us from

the sly and insinuating Assaults of Flattery. There is not in the World a baser, and more hateful Thing than Flattery; it proceeds from so much Falseness and Insincerity in the Man that gives it, and often discovers so much Weakness and Folly in the Man that takes it, that 'tis hard to tell which of the two is most to be blamed. Every Man of common Sense can demonstrate in Speculation, and may be fully convinced, that all the Praises and Commendations of the whole World can add no more to the real and intrinsick Value of a Man, than they can add to his Stature. And yet, for all this, Men of the best Sense and Piety, when they come down to the Practice, cannot forbear thinking much better of themselves, when they have the good Fortune to be spoken well of by other Persons.

But the Meaning of this absurd Proceeding seems to be no other than this; there are few Men that have so intimate an Acquaintance with their own Heart, as to know their own real Worth, and how to set a just Rate upon themselves; and therefore they don't know but that he who praises them most, may be most in the right of it. For, no doubt, if a Man were ignorant of the true Value of a Thing he loved as well as himself, he would measure the Worth of it according to the Esteem of him who bids most for it, rather than of him that bids less.

Therefore, the most infallible Way to disentangle a Man from the Snares of Flattery, is
to

Knowing One's Self.

to consult and study his own Heart ; for whoever does that well, will hardly be so absurd, as to take another Man's Word before his own Sense and Experience.

Thirdly, Another Advantage from this kind of Study, is this, that it teaches a Man how to behave himself patiently, when he has the ill Fortune to be censured and abused by other People. For a Man who is thoroughly acquainted with his own Heart, does already know much more Evil of himself, than any Body else can tell him ; and when any one speaks ill of him, he rather thanks God, that he can say no worse. For could his Enemy but look into the dark and hidden Recesses of the Heart, he considers what a Number of impure Thoughts he might there see brooding and hovering like a dark Cloud upon the Face of the Soul ; that there he might take a Prospect of the Fancy, and view it acting over the several Scenes of Pride, of Ambition, of Envy, of Lust, and Revenge ; that there he might tell how often a vicious Inclination has been restrain'd, for no other Reason but just to save the Man's Credit or Interest in the World ; and how many unbecoming Ingredients have enter'd into the Composition of his best Actions. And now, what Man in the whole World would be able to bear so severe a Test, to have every Thought and inward Motion of the Heart laid open and expos'd to the View of his Enemies ? But,

Fourthly and Lastly ; Another Advantage of this kind is, that it makes Men less severe upon other People's Faults, and less busy and industrious in spreading them. For a Man, employ'd at Home, inspecting into his own Failings, hath not Leisure enough to take Notice of every little Spot and Blemish that lies scatter'd upon others. Or if he cannot escape the Sight of them, he always passes the most easy and favourable Construction upon them. Thus, for Instance ; Does the Ill he knows of a Man proceed from an unhappy Temper and Constitution of Body ? he then considers with himself, how hard a Thing it is, not to be borne down with the Current of the Blood and Spirits, and accordingly lays some Part of the Blame upon the Weakness of human Nature, for he has felt the Force and Rapidity of it within his own Breast ; tho' perhaps, in another Instance, he remembers how it rages and swells by Opposition ; and tho' it may be restrained, or diverted for a while, yet it can hardly ever be totally subdued.

Or has the Man sinned out of Custom ? he then, from his own Experience, traces a Habit into the very first Rise and imperfect Beginnings of it ; and can tell by how slow and insensible Advances it creeps upon the Heart ; how it works itself by Degrees into the very Frame and Texture of it, and so passes into a second Nature ; and consequently he has a just Sense of the great Difficulty for him to learn to do
Good,

Good, who has been long accustomed to do Evil.

Or, Lastly, Has a false Opinion betray'd him into a Sin? He then calls to Mind what wrong Apprehensions he has had of some Things himself; how many Opinions, that he once made no doubt of, he has, upon a stricter Examination, found to be doubtful and uncertain; how many more to be unreasonable, and absurd. He knows further, that there are a great many more Opinions that he has never yet examined into at all, and which, however, he still believes, for no other Reason, but because he has believed them so long already without a Reason. Thus, upon every Occasion, a Man intimately acquainted with himself, consults his own Heart, and makes every Man's Case to be his own (and so puts the most favourable Interpretation upon it.) Let every Man therefore look into his own Heart, before he begins to abuse the Reputation of another, and then he will hardly be so absurd, as to throw a Dart that will so certainly rebound and wound himself. And thus, thro' the whole Course of his Conversation, let him keep an Eye upon that one great and comprehensive Rule of Christian Duty, on which hangs not only the Law and the Prophets, but the very Life and Spirit of the Gospel too; *Whatsoever ye would that Men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.*

Which Rule, that we may all duly observe, by throwing aside all Scandal and Detraction, all

L E T T E R S

O N

Several Occasions.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be perhaps objected against the following Letters, that they are too trifling, and were never intended, by the Author, for the Eye of the Publick. But as it was thought it would be an agreeable Entertainment to the Curious, to see how oddly a Man of his great Wit and Humor could now and then descend to amuse himself with his particular Friends, it is hoped this will apologize for the Publication of them.

LETTERS

ON

Several Occasions.

LETTER I.

To Lord CARTERET.

MY LORD,

I AM obliged to return your Excellency my most humble Thanks for your Favour to Mr. *Sheridan*, because when I recommended him to you, I receiv'd a very gracious Answer ; and yet I am sensible that your chief Motive to make some Provision for him, was what became a great and good Person, your distinguishing him as a Man of Learning, and one

one who deserved Encouragement, on account of his great Diligence and Success in a most laborious and difficult Employment.

Since your Excellency hath had an Opportunity, so early in your Government, of gratifying your *English* Dependents by a Bishoprick, and the best Deanery in the Kingdom, I cannot but hope, that the Clergy of *Ireland* will have their Share in your Patronage. There is hardly a Gentleman in the Nation who hath not a near Alliance with some of that Body ; and most of them who have Sons, usually breed one to the Church ; although they have been of late Years much discouraged and discontented, by seeing Strangers in the Country almost perpetually taken into the greatest Ecclesiastical Preferments, and too often, under Governors very different from your Excellency, the Choice of Persons was not to be accounted for, either to Prudence or Justice.

The Misfortune of having Bishops perpetually from *England*, as it must needs quench the Spirit of Emulation among us to excel in Learning, and the Study of Divinity, so it produceth another great Discouragement, that those Prelates usually draw after them Colonies of Sons, Nephews, Cousins, or old College-Companions, to whom they bestow the best Preferments in their Gift ; and thus the young Men sent into the Church from the University here, have no better Prospect than
to

to be Curates, or small Country Vicars, for Life.

It will become so excellent a Governor as you, a little to moderate this great Partiality ; wherein, as you will act with Justice and Reason, so you will gain the Thanks and Prayers of the whole Nation, and take away one great Cause of universal Discontent. For I believe your Excellency will agree, that there is not another Kingdom in *Europe*, where the Natives (even those descended from the Conquerors) have been treated as if they were almost unqualify'd for any Employment either in Church or State.

Your Excellency, when I had the Honour to attend you, was pleas'd to let me name some Clergymen, who are generally understood by their Brethren to be the most distinguished for their Learning and Piety. I remember the Persons were, Dr. *Delany*, Dr. *Ward* of the *North*, Mr. *Echlyn*, Mr. *Synge* of *Dublin*, and Mr. *Corbet* ; they were named by me without any regard to Friendship, having little Commerce with most of them, but only to the universal Character they bear : This was the Method I always took with my Lord *Oxford*, at his own Command, who was pleas'd to believe I would not be sway'd by any private Affections, and confessed never deceiv'd him, for I always dealt openly when I offer'd any thing in behalf of a Friend, which was but seldom, because, in that Case, I made use of

the common Method at Court, to solicit by another.

I shall say nothing of the young Men among the Clergy, of whom the three hopefullest are said to be Mr. *Stopford*, Mr. *King*, and Mr. *Dobbs*, all Fellows of the College, of whom I am only acquainted with the first. But these are not likely to be great Expectors under your Excellency's Administration, according to the usual Period of Governors here.

If I have dealt honestly in representing such Persons, among the Clergy, as are generally allowed to have the most Merit; I think I have done you a Service, and I am sure I have made you a great Compliment, by distinguishing you from most great Men. I have known these thirty Years past, whom I have always observed to act as if they never received a true Character, nor had any Value for the Best, and consequently dispens'd. their Favours without the least Regard to Abilities or Virtue. And this Defect I have often found among those from whom I have least expected it.

That your Excellency may long live a Blessing and Ornament to your Country, by pursuing, as you have hitherto done, the Steps of Honour and Virtue, is the most earnest Wish and Prayer of,

My Lord,

Your Excellency's most obedient.

and most humble Servant,

July 3, 1725.

JONATH. SWIFT.

L E T T E R II.

To Mrs. M O O R E.

DEAR MADAM !

THOUGH I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my Inclinations, yet you have no Friend in the World that is more concerned for any thing than can affect your Mind, your Health, or your Fortune ; I have always had the highest Esteem for your Virtue, the greatest Value for your Conversation, and the truest Affection for your Person ; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the Loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favourite a Child. These are the necessary Consequences of too strong Attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the Death of those we love, as we must one Day grieve those who love us, with the Death of ourselves. For Life is a Tragedy, wherein we sit as Spectators awhile, and then act our own Part in it. Self-love, as it is the Motive to all our Actions, so it is the sole Cause of our Grief. The dear Person you lament, is by no means an Object of Pity, either in a moral or religious Sense. Philosophy always taught Men to despise Life, as a most contemptible Thing in itself, and Religion regards it only as a Preparation for a better ; which you are taught, to be certain, that so innocent a Person is now in Possession of ; so that she is an immense Gainer, and You

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and

and her Friends the only Losers. Now, under Misfortunes of this Kind, I know no Consolation more effectual to a reasonable Person, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is lost. She was neither an only Child, nor an only Daughter. You have three Children left, one of them of an Age to be Useful to his Family, and the two others as promising as can be expected from their Age; so that according to the general Dispensations of God Almighty, you have small Reason to repine upon that Article of Life. And Religion will tell you, that the true Way to preserve them, is not to fix any of them too deep in your Heart; which is a Weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished: common Observation shewing us, that such favourite Children are either spoiled by their Parents Indulgence, or soon taken out of the World; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter Punishment of the two.

God, in his Wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining Years with many Sufferings, with Diseases, and Decays of Nature, with the Death of many Friends, and the Ingratitude of more: Sometimes with the Loss or Diminution of our Fortunes, when our Infirmities most need them; often with Contempt from the World, and always with Neglect from it; with the Death of our most hopeful or useful Children; with a Want of Relish for all worldly Enjoyments; with a general Dislike of Persons and Things: And though all
these

these are very natural Effects of increasing Years, yet they were intended by the Author of our Being, to wean us gradually from our Fondness of Life, the nearer we approach towards the End of it. And this is the Use you are to make, in Prudence as well as in Conscience, of all the Afflictions you have hitherto undergone; as well as of those which in the Course of Nature and Providence you have Reason to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with so many Virtues, add Strength of Mind and Reliance upon his Mercy, in Proportion to your present Sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with through the Remainder of your Life.

I fear my present ill Disposition both of Health and Mind has made me but a sorry Comforter: However, it will shew that no Circumstance of Life can put you out of my Mind, and that I am with the truest Respect, Esteem, and Friendship, Dear Madam,

Your most obedient,

*Deanry-House,
Dec. 7th, 1727.*

Most humble Servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

L E T T E R III.

From Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I Thank you kindly for your News of the Dean of St. *Patrick's*, for your *Persius*, for every thing in your Letter. I will use my warmest Endeavours to serve Dr. *Whalley*. Besides his own Merit, the Demerit of his Antagonist goes into the Scale, and the Dean tells me he is a Coadjutant of that Fool, *Smedley*. You *must have seen*, but you *cannot have read*, what he has lately published against our Friend and Me. The only Pleasure a bad Writer can give me, he has given, that of being abused with my Betters and my Friends. I am much pleas'd with most of the *Intelligencers*, but I am a little piqued at the Author of 'em for not once doing me the Honour of a Mention upon so honourable an Occasion as being slandered by the Dunces, together with my Friend the Dean, who is properly the Author of the *Dunciad*. It had never been writ but at his Request, and for his Deafness: For had he been able to converse with me, do you think I had amus'd my Time so ill? I will not trouble you with Amendments to so imperfect an Edition as is now publish'd; you will soon see a better, with a full and true Commentary, setting all Mistakes right,

right, and branding none but our own Cattle. Some very good Epigrams on the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad* have been sent to me from *Oxford*, and others of the *London* Authors; if I had an Amanuensis (which is a thing neither I, nor my common Trifles are worth) you should have them with this. If your University or Town have produced any on this Subject, pray send 'em me, or keep them at least together, for another Day they may all meet.

I've writ to the Dean just now by Mr. *Elrington*, who charges himself with this, and have inserted a Hint or two of his Libelling the Lady of the Family; in as innocent a manner, as he does it, he will hardly suspect I had any Information of it.

Tho' I am a very ill Correspondent, I shall at all times be glad to have the Favour of a Line from you. My Eyesight is bad, my Head often in Pain, my Time strangely taken up. Were I my own Master (which I thank God I yet am, in all points but one, where Humanity only constrains me) I would infallibly see *Ireland* before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, tho' warm Designs will ever take Effect,

Calignosa nocte premit Deus !

I am (wherever I am) the Dean's, and the Dean's Friends, and consequently faithfully,

SIR,

Your affectionate Servant,

A. POPE.

• L E T T E R I V .

From Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

S I R,

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your Letter. What you mention of a particular Friend of the Dean's being upon the Brink of another World, gives me great Pain; for it makes me, in Tenderneſs to him, wiſh him with you; and at the ſame Time I fear he is not in a Condition to make the Journey. Though (to eaſe you as far as I can) his Phyſician and Friend Dr. *Arbutnot*, aſſures me, he will ſoon be well. At preſent he is very Deaf, and more uneaſy than I hop'd that Complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy Way, which has put you into a greater Fright, than (with God's Will) we may have Reaſon for. He talks of returning to *Ireland* in three Weeks, if he recovers ſufficiently; if not, he will ſtay here this Winter. Upon Pretence of ſome very unavoidable Occaſions, he went to *London* four Days ſince, where I ſee him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his Opiniatrety in leaving me; but he ſhall not get rid of the Friend, tho' he may of his Houſe. I have ſuggeſted to him the Remedy you mention: And I will not leave him a Day, till I ſee him better. I wiſh you
could

could see us in *England* without manifest Inconvenience to yourself; tho' I heartily hope and believe, that our Friend will do well. I sincerely honour you for your Warmth of Affection where it is so justly merited; and am, both for his Sake and your own, with great Esteem,

S I R,

Your truly-affectionate

and obedient Servant,

Twittenham,

Sept. 6.

A. P O P E.

P. S. I have often desired the Dean to make known to you my Sense of the good Opinion you have exprest of me in your Letters. I am pleased to have an Opportunity of thanking you under my Hand, and I desire you to continue it to one who is no way ungrateful.

. L E T .

LETTER V.

From Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dec. 14, 1719. 9 at Night.

SIR,

IT is impossible to know by your Letter whether the Wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain *English* tell us so?

For my part it was by meer Chance I came to sit with the Ladies this Night.

And if they had not told me there was a Letter from you, and your Man *Alexander* had not gone, and come back from the Deanry, and the Boy here had not been sent to let *Alexander* know I was here, I should have mist the Letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for Corks to stop your Bottles, with a Vengeance.

Make a Page of your own Age, and send your Man *Alexander* to buy Corks, for *Saunders* already has got above ten Jaunts.

Mrs. *Dingley* and Mrs. *Johnson* say, truly they don't care for your Wife's Company, though they like your Wine; but they had rather have it at their own House to drink in quiet.

However

However they own it very civil in Mr. *Sheridan*, to make the Offer ; and they cannot deny it.

I wish *Alexander* safe at St. *Catharine's* to-night, with all my Heart and Soul, upon my Word and Honour.

But I think it base in you to send a poor Fellow out so late at this time of Year, when one would not turn out a Dog that one valued ; I appeal to your Friend Mr. *Conna*.

I would present my humble Service to my Lady *Mountcashel* ; but truly I thought she would have made Advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my Paper is ended.

P. S. *I wish when you prated,
Your Letter you'd dated,
Much Plague is created,
I scolded and rated ;
My Soul it much grated,
For your Man I long waited.
I think you are fated
Like a Bear to be baited :
Your Man is belated.
The Case I have stated,
And me you have cheated.
My Stable's unslated,
Come back t'us well freighted ;
I remember my late-head,
And wish you Translated,*

For teasing me.

2 P. S.

84 *LETTERS on several Occasions.*

2 P. S. *Mrs. Dingley
Desires me singly
Her Service to present you,
Hopes that will content you;
But Johnson Madam
Is grown a sad Dame,
For want of your Converse,
And cannot send one Verse.*

3 P. S. *You keep such a twattling [Vida,
With you and your bottling, [Rule 34.
But I see the Sum Total,
We shall ne'er have one Bottle;
The long and the short,
We shall not have a Quart.
I wish you would sign't,
That we may have Pint.
For all your colloquing,
I'd be glad of a Knogging:
But I doubt 'tis a Sham,
You won't give us a Dram.
'Tis of Shine, a Mouth Moon-full,
You won't part with a Spoon-full,
And I must be nimble,
If I can fill my Thimble.
You see I won't stop,
Till I come to a Drop;
But I doubt the Oraculum,
Is a poor Supernaculum;
Tho' perhaps you may tell it,
For a Grace, if we smell it.*

STELLA.

LET.

LETTER VI.

*To the same.**Dublin, Dec. 22, 1722.*

WHAT care we whether you Swim or Sink? Is this a Time to talk of Boats, or a Time to sail in them, when I am shuddering? or a Time to build Boat-Houses, or pay for Carriage? No; but towards Summer, I promise hereby under my Hand to subscribe a (Guinea*) Shilling for one; or, if you please me, what is blotted out, or something thereabouts, and the Ladies shall subscribe three Thirteens betwixt them, and Mrs. Brent a Penny, and Robert and Archy Halfpence a Piece, and the old Man and Woman a Farthing each. In short, I will be your Collector, and we will send it down full of Wine, a Fortnight before we go at *Whitsuntide*. You will make eight thousand Blunders in your Planting; and who can help it? for I could not be with you. My Horses eat Hay, and I hold my Visitation on *January 7*. just in the midst of *Christmas*. Mrs. Brent is angry, and swears as much as a Fanatick can do, that she will subscribe Six-pence to your Boat. — Well, I shall be a Country-

* *The Word Guinea is struck thro' with a Pen in the Copy.*

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man when you are not; we are now at Mr. *Fad's*, with *Dan* and *Sam*; and I steal out while they are at Cards, like a Lover writing to his Mistress. — We have no News in our Town. The Ladies have left us to-day, and I promis'd them that you would carry your Club to *Arsellagh*, when you are weary of one another. You express your Happiness with Grief in one Hand and Sorrow in the other. What Fowl have you but the Weep? What Hares, but Mrs. *Mackfeden's* gray Hairs? What Pease but your own? Your Mutton and your Weather are both very bad, and so is your Weather-Mutton. Wild-Fowl is what we like.----How will this Letter get to you? ----A Fortnight good from this Morning. You will find *Quilca* not the Thing it was last *August*; nobody to relish the Lake; nobody to ride over the Downs; no Trout to be caught; no dinning over a Well; no Night Heroics, no Morning Epics; no stolen Hour when the Wife is gone; no Creature to call you Names. Poor miserable Master *Sheridan*! No blind Harpers! no Journies to *Rantavan*!----Answer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo*. We have new Plays and new Libels, and nothing valuable is old but *Stella*, whose Bones she recommends to you. *Dan* desires to know whether you saw the Advertisement of your being robb'd----and so I conclude,

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R S

LETTER VII.

*To the same.**Clonsfert, Aug. 3. 1723.*

NO, I cannot possibly be with you so soon, there are too many Rivers, Bogs, and Mountains between; besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short Visits in my way to *Dublin*, and hope to be in Town by the End of this Month; tho' it will be a bad Time, in the Hurry of your lowly P——t. Your Dream is wrong, for this Bishop is not able to lift a Cat upon my Shoulders; but if you are for a Curacy of Twenty-five Pounds a Year, and ride five Miles every Sunday to preach to six Beggars, have at you: And yet this is no ill Country, and the Bishop has made in four Months, twelve Miles of Ditches from his House to the *Shannon*, if you talk of improving. How are you this Moment? Do you love or hate *Quilca* the most of all Places? Are you in or out of Humour with the World, your Friends, your Wife, and your School? Are the Ladies in Town or in the Country? If I knew, I would write to them, and how are they in Health? *Quilca* (let me see) (you see I can (if I please) make Parentheses as well as Others) is about a hundred Miles from *Clonsfert*; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have rode. With Love and Service, and so adieu.

Yours, &c.

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LETTER VIII.

To the same.

Jan. 25. 1725.

I Have a Packet of Letters, which I intended to send by *Molly*, who hath been stopt three Days by the bad Weather; but now I will send them by Post to-morrow, to *Kells*, and inclos'd to Mr. *Tickell* there is one to you, and one to *James Stopfert*.

I can do no Work in this terrible Weather; which hath put us all seventy times out of Patience. — I have been deaf nine Days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray desire Mr. *Stanton* and *Warrel* to continue giving themselves some Trouble with Mr. *Prat*; but let it succeed or not, I hope I shall be easy.

Mrs. *Johnson* swears it will rain till *Michaelmas*. She is so pleased with her Pick-ax, that she wears it fastened to her Girdle on her left Side, in Ballance with her Watch. The Lake is strangely over-flown, and we are desperate about Turf, being forced to buy it three Miles off: And Mrs. *Johnson* (God help her) gives you many a Curse. Your Mason is come, but cannot yet work about your Garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great Wall. For the rest, *vide* the Letter that you will have on Monday, if Mr. *Tickell* uses you well.

The

The News of this Country is, that the Maid you sent down, *John Farelly's* Sister, is married; but the Portion and Settlement are yet a Secret. The Cows here never give Milk on *Midsummer-Eve*.

You would wonder what carking and caring there is among us for small Beer and lean Mutton, and starved Lamb, and stopping Gaps, and driving Cattle from the Corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dinglyed.

The Ladies Room smoaks; the Rain drops from the Skies into the Kitchen; our Servants eat and drink like the Devil, and pray for Rain, which entertains them at Cards and Sleep; which are much lighter than Spades, Sledges, and Crows. Their Maxim is,

*Eat like a Turk,
Sleep like a Dormouse;
Be last at Work,
At Victuals foremost.*

Which is all at present, hoping you and your good Family are well, as we, &c. are all at this present Writing, &c.

Robin has just carried out a Load of Bread and cold Meat for Breakfast; this is their way; but now a Cloud hangs over them, for fear it should hold up, and the Clouds blow off.

I write on till *Molly* comes in for the Letter. O, what a Draggel-Tail will she be before she

gets to *Dublin* ! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her Back by the Way.

I affirm against *Aristotle*, that Cold and Rain congregate Homogenes, for they gather together you and your Crew, at Whist, Punch, and Claret. Happy Weather for Mrs. *Mau*, *Betty* and *Stopserts*, and all true Lovers of Cards and Laziness.

The Blessings of a Country Life.

*Far from our Debtors,
No Dublin Letters,
Not seen by our Betters.*

The Plagues of a Country Life.

*A Companion with News,
A great want of Shoes ;
Eat lean Meat, or chuse,
A Church without Pews.
Our Horses astray,
No Straw, Oats, or Hay ;
December in May,
Our Boys run away,
All Servants at play,
Molly sends for the Letter.*

LET-

L E T T E R IX.

*To the same.**Quilca, June 28, 1725.*

YOU run out of your time so merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it ; like a young Heir that spends his Fortune faster than it comes in ; for your Letter is dated to-morrow, *June 29*, and God knows when it was writ, or what *Saturday* you mean ; but I suppose it is the next, and therefore your own Mare and Dr. S — Horse or Mare, or some other Horse or Mare, with your own Mare aforesaid, shall set out on *Wednesday* next, which will be *June 30*. and so they will have two Nights Rest, if you begin your Journey on *Saturday*. You are an unlucky Devil to get a Living the furthest in the Kingdom from *Quilca*, if it be worth two hundred Pound a Year. My Lord Lieutenant hath but barely kept his Word, for the other Fifty must go in a Curate and Visitation Charges, and Poxes, Proxies I mean. If you are under the Bishop of *Cork*, he is a capricious Gentleman ; but you must flatter him monstrously upon his Learning and his Writings ; that you have read his Book against *Toland* a hundred Times, and his Sermons (if he has printed any) have been always your Model, &c. Be not disappointed if your Living does not answer the Sum.

Sum. Get Letters of Recommendation to the Bishop and Principal Clergy, and to your Neighbouring Parson or Parsons particularly. I often advised you to get some Knowledge of Tythes and Church-livings. You must learn the Extent of your Parish, the general Quantity of Arable Land and Pasture in your Parish, the common Rate of Tythes for an Acre of the several sorts of Corn, and of Fleeces and Lambs, and to see whether you have any Glebe; pray act like a Man of this World. I doubt being so far off, you must not let your Living as I do, to the several Farmers, but to one Man: But by all means do not let it for more than one Year, till you are surely apprized of the real Worth; and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my Advice for once, and be very busy while you are there. It is one good Circumstance that you got such a Living in a convenient Time, and just when Tythes are fit to be Let; only Wool and Lamb are due in Spring, or perhaps belong to the late Incumbent. You may learn all on the Spot, and your Neighbouring Parsons may be very useful if they please, but do not let them be your Tenants: Advise with Archdeacon *Wall*, but do not follow him in all Things. Take Care of the principal 'Squire or 'Squires, they will all tell you the worst of your Living; so will the Proctors and Tythe-Jobbers; but you will pick out Truth from among them. Pray shew yourself a Man of Abilities. After all I am but a weak Brother myself; perhaps
some

some Clergy in *Dublin*, who know that Country, will further inform you. Mr. *Townsend* of *Cork* will do you any good Offices on my Account, without any Letter.——Take the Oaths heartily to the Powers that be, and remember that Party was not made for depending Puppies. I forgot one principal Thing, to take care of going regularly thro' all the Forms of Oaths and Inductions; for the least wrong Step will put you to the Trouble of repassing your Patent, or voiding your Living.——

LETTER X.

To the same.

Quilca, June 29, 1725.

I Writ to you yesterday, and said as many Things as I could then think on, and gave it a Boy of *Kells* who brought me yours. It is strange that I and *Stella* and Mrs. *Macjadin*, should light on the same Thought, to advise you to make a great Appearance of Temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. *Johnson* and I go further, and say, you must needs observe all grave Forms, for the want of which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the Bishop of *Cork*, I send you a Letter inclos'd to him, which I desire you will seal. Mrs. *Johnson* put me in mind
to

to caution you not to drink or pledge any Health in his Company, for you know his weak side in that Matter. I hope Mr. *Tickell* has not complimented you with what Fees are due to him for your Patent ; I wish you would say to him (if he refuses them) that I told you it was Mr. *Addison's* Maxim to excuse nobody ; for here, says he, I may have forty Friends, whose Fees may be Two Guineas a-piece ; then I lose Eighty Guineas, and my Friends save but Two a-piece.

I must tell you, *Dan Jackson* ruined his Living by huddling over the first Year, and then hoping to mend it the next : Therefore pray take all the Care you can to enquire into the Value, and set it at the best Rate to substantial People.

I know not whether you are under the Bishop of *Cork*, or no ; if not, you may burn the Letter.

I must desire you will not think of enlarging your Expences, no not for some Years to come, much less at present ; but rather retrench them. You might have lain destitute till Antichrist came, for any thing you could have got from those you used to treat ; neither let me hear of one Rag of better Cloaths for your Wife or Brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is positively *Stella's* Advice as well as mine. She says, now you need not be ashamed to be thought Poor.

We compute you cannot be less than 30 Days absent ; and pray do not employ your time in lolling a-bed till Noon to read *Homer*, but

but mind your Business effectually : and we think you ought to have no Breaking-up this *August* ; but affect to adhere to your School closer than ever ; because you will find that your Ill-wishers will give out, you are now going to quit your School, since you have got Preferment, &c.

Pray send me a large Bundle of Exercises, good as well as bad, for I want something to read.

I would have you carry down three or four Sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own Church, and be very devout.

I sent you in my last, a Bill of Twenty Pound on Mr. *Worral*, I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the Pamphlet with *Worral*, and give him Directions, unless you have settled it already some other way. You know it must come out just when the P——t meets.

Keep these Letters where I advise you about your Living, till you have taken Advice.

Keep very regular Hours for the sake of your Health and Credit ; and wherever you lie a Night within twenty Miles of your Livings, before call the Family that Evening to Prayers.

I desire you will wet no Commission with your old Crew, nor with any but those who befriend you, as Mr. *Tickell*, &c.

L E T.

LETTER XI.

*To the same.**Quilca, Sept. 11, 1725.*

IF you are indeed a discarded Courtier, you have reason to complain, but none at all to wonder; you are too young for many Experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the Nature of Man. It is safer for a Man's Interest to blaspheme God than to be of a Party out of Power, or even to be thought so. And since the last was the Case, how could you imagine that all Mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner prefer'd by the Government, tho' in a poor Way? I tell you there is hardly a Whig in *Ireland* who would allow a Potato and Butter-milk to a reputed Tory. Neither is there any thing in your Countrymen, upon this Article, more than what is common in all other Nations, only *quoad magis & minus*. Too much Advertency is not your Talent, or else you had fled from that Text as from a Rock. For as *Don Quixot* said to *Sancho*, what Business had you to speak of a Halter, in a Family where one of it was hang'd? And your Innocence is a Protection that wise Men are asham'd to rely on, further than with God. It is indeed against Common Sense to think that you should chuse such a

Time,

Time, when you had received a Favour from the Lord Lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your Disloyalty in the Pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore sit down and be quiet, and mind your Business, as you do, and contract your Friendships, and expect no more from Man than such an Animal is capable of, and you will every Day find my Description of *Yaboes* more resembling. You should think and deal with every Man as a Villian, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less. This is an old true Lesson. You believe every one will acquit you of any Regard to temporal Interest; and how came you to claim an Exception from all Mankind? I believe you value your temporal Interest as much as any body, but you have not the Arts of pursuing it. You are mistaken. Domestick Evils are no more within a Man than others; and he who cannot bear up against the first, will sink under the second, and in my Conscience I believe this is our Case; for being of a weak Constitution, in an Employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with Children, *cum uxore neque leni neque commoda*, a Man of intent and abstracted Thinking, enslav'd by Mathematicks, and Complaint of the World, this new Weight of Party Malice hath struck you down, like a Feather on a Horse's Back already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the Apostle's Expression, and say, I will strive to learn in whatever State, &c.

I will bear none of your Visions ; you shall live at *Quilca* but three Fortnights and a Month in the Year ; perhaps not so much. You shall make no Entertainments but what are necessary to your Interests ; for your true Friends would rather see you over a Piece of Mutton and a Bottle once a Quarter ; you shall be merry at the Expence of others ; you shall take care of your Health, and go early to Bed, and not read late at Night ; and laugh with all Men, without trusting any, and then a Fig for the Contrivers of your Ruin, who now have no further Thoughts than to stop your Progress, which perhaps they may not compass, unless I am deceiv'd more than is usual. All this you will do *si mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your Sermon, which is a Project abounding with Objections unanswerable, and with which I could fill this Letter. You say nothing of having preach'd before the Lord Lieutenant, nor whether he is altered towards you ; for you speak nothing but Generals. You think all the World has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. *Sheridan* down, whereas it is nothing but a Slap in your turn, and away. Lord *Oxford* said to me, on an Occasion : These Fools, because they hear a Noise about their Ears of their own Making, think the whole World is full of it.----When I come to Town we will change all this Scene, and act like Men of the World. Grow rich, and you will have no Enemies. Go sometimes to the Castle, keep fast Mr. *Tickell* and *Balaguer* ; frequent those

those on the right Side, Friends to the present Powers ; drop those who are loud on the wrong Party, because they know they can suffer nothing by it.

L E T T E R XII.

To the same.

Quilca, Sept. 19. 1725.

WE have prevailed with *Neal*, in spite of his Harvest, to carry up Miss, with your Directions ; and it is high time, for she was run almost wild, though we have something civiliz'd her since she came among us. You are too short in Circumstances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you seen my Lord ? Who forbid you to preach ? Are you no longer Chaplain ? Do you never go to the Castle ? Are you certain of the Accuser, that it is *Tigh* ? Do you think my Lord acts thus because he fears it would breed ill Humour if he should openly favour one who is looked on as of a different Party ? I think that it is too mean for him. I do not much disapprove your Letter, but I think

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it

it a wrong Method; pray read over the inclosed twice, and if you do not dislike it, let it be sent (not by a Servant of yours, nor from you) to Mr. *Tickell*. There the Case is stated as well as I could do it in Generals, for want of knowing Particulars. When I come to Town I shall see the Lord Lieutenant, and be as free with him as possible. In the mean time, I believe it may keep cold; however advise with Mr. *Tickell* and Mr. *Balaguer*. I should fancy that the Bishop of *Limerick* could easily satisfy his Excellency, and that my Lord Lieutenant believes no more of your Guilt than I, and therefore it can be nothing but to satisfy the Noise of Party at this Juncture, that he acts as he does; and if so (as I am confident it is) the Effect will cease with the Cause. But without doubt, *Tigh* and others have dinn'd the Words Tory and Jacobine in his Excellency's Ears, and therefore your Text, &c. was only made use of as of an Opportunity.

Upon the whole Matter, you are no Loser, but at least have got something. Therefore be not like him who hanged himself, because going into a Gaming-House and winning Ten thousand Pounds, he lost Five thousand of it, and came away with only half his Winnings. When my Lord is in *London*, we may clear a way to him to do you another Job, and you are young enough to wait.

We set out to *Dublin*, on Monday the 5th of *October*, and hope to sup at the Deanry the next

next Night, where you will come to us if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad Bailiff towards the End of my Service. Your Hay is well brought in, and better stack'd than usual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having some Sport soon, I hope it is no Sport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to seal the inclos'd before you send it.

I send you back your Letter to the Lord Lieutenant.

LETTER XIII.

To the same.

Quilca, Sept. 25, 1725.

YOUR Confusion hindred you from giving any rational Account of your Distress, till this last Letter, and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado, we have now a tolerable Understanding how Things stand. We had a Paper sent inclos'd, subscrib'd by Mr. Ford, as we suppose; it is in Print, and we all approve it, and this I suppose is the Sport I was to expect. I do think it agreed that All Animals fight with the Weapons natural to them, (which is a new and wise Remark out of my own Head) and

the Devil take that Animal who will not offend his Enemy when he is provoked, with his proper Weapon; and though your old dull Horse little values the Blows I give him with the butt End of my Stick, yet I strike on and make him wince in spite of his Dulness; and he shall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do so too to the Beast who has kick'd against you, and try how far his Insensibility will protect him, and you shall have Help, and he will be vexed, for so I found your Horse this Day, though he would not move the faster. I will kill that Flea or Louse which bites me, though I get no Honour by it.

Laudari ab iis quos omnes laudant, is a Maxim, and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the Offer of your Mare, and how a pox could we come without her? They pull'd off her's and your Horse's Shoes for fear of being rode, and then they rode them without Shoes, and so I was forc'd to shoe them again. All the Fellows here would be T---s if they were but Privy Counsellors. You shall never be at ease for your Friend's Horses or your own, till you have wall'd in a Park of twenty Acres, which I would have done next Spring.

You say not a Word of the Letter I sent you for Mr. Tickell, whether you sent it him or no; and yet it was very material that I should know it. The two Devils of Inadvertency

vertency and Forgetfulness have got fast hold on you. I think you need not quit his and *Balaguer's* Company for the Reason I mentioned in that Letter, because they are above Suspicions, as *Whiggissimi* and *Un-suspectissimi*. When Lord Lieutenant goes for *England*, I have a Method to set you right with him, I hope, as I will tell you when I come to Town, if I do not *Sheridan* it, I mean forget it.

I did a *Sheridanism*; I told you I had lost your Letter inclos'd, which you intended to Lord *Carteret*, and yet I have it safe here.

LETTER XIV.

To the same.

London, July 8, 1726.

Good Doctor,

I Have had two Months of great Uneasiness at the ill Account of Mrs. *Johnson's* Health, and as it is usual, feared the Worst that was possible, and doubted all the good Accounts that were sent me. I pray God her Danger may warn her to be less Wilsul, and more ready to fall into those Measures, that her Friends

Friends and Physicians advise her to. I had a Letter two Days ago from Archdeacon *Wall*, dated six Days before yours, wherein he gives me a better Account than you do, and therefore I apprehend she hath not mended since; and yet he says he *can honestly tell me she is now much better*. Pray thank the Archdeacon, and tell him, you are to have a Share in this Letter, and therefore I will save him the Trouble of another. Tell him also, that I never asked for my 100*l.* which he hears I have got, tho' I mentioned it to the Princess the last time I saw her; but I bid her tell *W---* I scorned to ask him for it. But blot out this Passage, and mention it to no one, except the Ladies; because I know Mrs. *J-----* would be pleased with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this Letter is theirs as well as yours. The Archdeacon further says, that Mrs. *J----* has not tasted Claret for several Months, but once at his House. This I dislike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your Friends, unless it be yourself. I am sorry for your new laborious Studies, but the best of it is, they will *not* be your own another Day. I thank you for your new Style, and most useful Quotations. I am only concerned, that although you get the Grace of the House, you will never get the Grace of the Town, but die plain *Sheridan*, or *Tom* at most, because it is a Syllable shorter than Doctor. However I will give it you at length in the Super-

Superfcription, and People will so wonder how the News could come and return so quick to and from *England*, especially if the Wind be fair when the Packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in sending for your Letters two Days after the Commencement. You lost one Post by my being out of Town; for I came hither to-day, and shall stay three or four upon some Business, and then go back to Mr. *Pope's*, and there continue till *August*, and then come to Town till I begin my Journey to *Ireland*, which I propose the Middle of *August*. My old Servant *Archy* is here ruined and starving, and has pursued me and wrote me a Letter, but I have refused to see him. Our Friend at the Castle writ to me two Months ago, to have a sight of those Papers, &c. of which I brought away a Copy. I have answered him, that whatever Papers I have are convey'd from one Place to another through nine or ten Hands, and that I have the Key. If he should mention any thing of Papers in general either to you or the Ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same Story, and laugh at my Humour in it, &c. My Service to Dr. *Delany*, Dr. *Helfham*, the *Grattans* and *Jacksons*. There is not so despised a Creature here as your Friend with the soft Verses on Children. I heartily pity him.-----This is the first time I was ever weary of *England*, and longed to be in *Ireland*;

land; but it is because go I must; for I do not love *Ireland* better, nor *England*, as *England*, worse; in short, you all live in a wretched, dirty Dog-hole and Prison, but it is a Place good enough to die in. I can tell you one Thing, that I have had the fairest Offer made me of a Settlement here that one can imagine, which if I were ten Years younger I would gladly accept, within twelve Miles of *London*, and in the midst of my Friends. But I am too old for new Schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my Freedoms and Liberalities. But so it is, that I must be forced to get home partly by Stealth and partly by Force. I have indeed one Temptation for this Winter, much stronger, which is of a fine House and Garden, and Park, and Wine-Cellar in *France*, to pass away Winter in, and if Mrs. J---n were not so out of Order I would certainly accept of it; and I wish she could go to *Montpelier* at the same time. You see I am grown Visionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.

L E T.

LETTER XV.

To the same.

July 27, 1726.

I Have yours just now of the 19th, and the Account you give me is nothing but what I have some Time expected with the utmost Agonies; and there is one Aggravation of Constraint, that where I am, I am forc'd to put on an easy Countenance. It was at this Time the best Office your Friendship could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all last Year, as I believe you remember, that she should go to *Montpelier*, or *Bath*, or *Tunbridge*. I entreated, if there was no Amendment, they might both come to *London*. But there was a Fatality, although I indeed think her Stamina could not last much longer, when I saw she could take no Nourishment. I look upon this as the greatest Event that can ever happen to me, but all my Preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a Philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most intimate Friendship between us from her Childhood, and the greatest Merit on her Side that ever was in one human Creature

Creature towards another. ----- Nay if I were now near her I would not see her, I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her Sorrow. ----- Judge in what a Temper of Mind I write this. ----- The very Time I am writing, I conclude the fairest Soul in the World hath left its Body. ----- Confusion ! that I am this Moment call'd down to a Visitor, when I am in the Country, and not in my Power to deny myself. ----- I have passed a very constrained Hour, and now return to say I know not what : I have been long weary of the World, and shall for my small Remainder of Years be weary of Life, having for ever lost that Conversation which could only make it tolerable. ----- I fear while you are reading this, you will be shedding Tears at her Funeral ; she loved you well, and a great Share of the little Merit I have with you, is owing to her Solicitations.

I writ to you about a Week ago.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To the same.

London, May 13, 1727.

THIS goes by a private Hand, for my Writing is too much known, and my Letters often stopt and open'd. I had yours of the 4th Inst. and it is the only one I have received out of *Ireland* since I left you. I hardly thought our Friend would be in danger by a Cold; I am of Opinion she should be generally in the Country, and only now and then visit the Town. ---- We are here in a strange Situation; a firm, settled Resolution to assault the present Administration, and break it if possible. It is certain that *W*----- is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest Offices of hiring Scoundrels to write *Billingsgate* of the lowest and most prostitute Kind, and has none but Beasts and Blockheads for his Pen-men, whom he pays in ready Guineas very liberally. I am in high Displeasure with him and his Partisans; a great Man, who was very kind to me last Year, doth not take the least Notice of me at the *P*-----'s Court, and there hath not been one of them to

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see me. I am advised by all my Friends not to go to *France*, (as I intended for two Months) for fear of their Vengeance in a Manner which they cannot execute here.--- I reckon there will be a warm Winter, where in my Comfort is, I shall have no Concern. I desire you will read this Letter to none but our two Friends, and Mr. P---; his Cousin with the red Ribbon enquired very kindly after him. ——— I hear no News about your Bishops, farther than that the Lord Lieutenant stickles to have them of *Ireland*, which W--- always is averse from, but does not think it worth his Trouble to exert his Credit on such Trifles. The Dispute about a War or no War still continues, and the major Part inclines to the latter, although ten thousand Men are order'd for *Holland*. But this will bring such an Addition to our Debts, that it will give great Advantages against those in Power, in the next Sessions. W--- laughs at all this, but not so heartily as he used. I have at last seen the P-----s twice this Week by her own Commands; she retains her old Civility, and I my old Freedom; she charges me without Ceremony, to be Author of a bad Book, though I told her how angry the Ministry were; but she assures me that both she and the P--- were very well pleased with every Particular; but I disown'd the whole Affair, as you know I very well might, only gave her leave, since she lik'd the Book, to suppose
what

what Author she pleased. ——— You will wonder to find me say so much of Politicks, but I keep very bad Company, who are full of nothing else. ——— Pray be very careful of your Charge, or I shall order my Lodgers the Bulk of their Glasses, and the Number of their Bottles. ——— I stole this Time to write to you, having very little to spare. I go as soon as possible to the Country, and shall rarely see this Town.

My Service to all Friends.

I desire you will send me six Setts of the Edition of the *Drapiers*, by the first Convenience of any Friend or Acquaintance that comes hither.

LETTER XVII.

To the same.

London, June 24, 1727.

I Have received your last, with the inclosed Print. I desire you will let Dr. D--- know that I transcrib'd the Substance of his Letter, and the Translation of what was Registered,

gister'd, and added a whole State of the Case, and gave it Mrs. H---d to give to the Prince from me, and to desire that as Chancellor, he would do what he thought most fit. I forgot to ask Mrs. H---d what was done in it, the next Time I saw her; and the Day I came to Town came the News of the K--g's Death, of which I sent Particulars the very same Day to our Friend; since then we have been all in a Hurry, with Millions of Schemes. I deferr'd kissing the K--- and Q---'s Hands till the third Day, when my Friends at Court chid me for deferring it so long. I have been and am so extremely busy, that tho' I begin this Letter, I cannot finish it till next Post; for now it is the last Moment it can go, and I have much more to say. I was just ready to go to *France*, when the News of the K--'s Death arrived, and I came to Town in order to begin my Journey. But I was desired to delay it, and I then determin'd it a second time: When upon some new Incidents, I was with great Vehemence dissuaded from it by certain Persons whom I could not disobey. Thus Things stand with me. My Stomach is pretty good, but for some Days my Head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly us'd to. Here is a strange World, and our Friend would reproach me for my Share in it; but it shall be short, for I design soon to return into the Country. I am thinking of a Chancellor for the University, and have pitched upon one, but

but whether he will like it, or my Word be of any Use, I know not. The Talk is now for a moderating Scheme, wherein nobody shall be used the Worse or Better for being call'd Whig or Tory, and the King hath received both with great Equality; shewing Civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a Dozen, that we should go in a Line to kiss the K—— and Q——s Hands. We have now done now with Repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if Things do not mend, it is not our Faults: We have made our Offers: If otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the Ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft Fall; although the K—— must be excessive generous if he forgives the Treatment of some People. I writ long ago my Thoughts to my Viceroy, and he may proceed as he shall be advised. But if the A. B. goes on to proceed to *sub pœna contemptus*, &c. I would have an Appeal at proper Time, which I suppose must be to Delegates, or the Crown, I know not which. However, I will spend a hundred or two Pounds, rather than be enslaved, or betray a Right which I do not value Three-pence, but my Successors may. My Service to all Friends; and so thinking I have said enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your Fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath cost me five Shillings in Victuals since I came

here, and ten Pounds to Servants where I have dined, I suppose my Agent in *Ship-Street* takes Care and enquire; about my new Agent.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To the same.

Twickenham, July 1, 1727.

I H A D yours of *June 22.* You complain of not hearing from me; I never was so constant a Writer. I have writ six Times to our Friends, and as many to you. Mr. *Pope* is reading your *Persius*; he is frequently sick, and so at this Time; he has read it, but you must wait till next Letter for his Judgment. He would know whether it is designed for an elegant Translation, or only to shew the Meaning; I reckon it an Explanation of a difficult Author, not only for Learners, but for those also who are not expert in Latin, because he is a very dark Author: I would not have your Book printed entire, till I treat with my Book-seller here for your Advantage. There is a Word (*Concaciuss*) which you have not explained, nor the Reason of it. Where you are ignorant, you should confess you are ignorant. I writ to *Stella* the Day we heard the *K* --- was dead, and the Circumstances of it. I hold you a Guinea I shall forget something.

Wor-

Worral writ to me lately. In Answer, I desire that when the A. Bp. comes to a Determination, that an Appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my Return, which will be at *Michaelmas*. I have left *London*, and stay here a Week, and then I shall go thither again; just to see the Q- - - -, and so come back hither. Here are a thousand Schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embrace but coldly, because I like none of them. I have been this ten Days inclining to my old Disease of Giddiness, a little Tottering; our Friend understands it, but I grow Cautious, and am something better: Cyder and Champagne and Fruit have been the Cause. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Doctor D- - - -'s Paper to the K- - - - when he was Pr- - - -; he and his Secretary are discontented with the Provost, but they find he has Law on his Side. The King's Death hath broke that Measure. I propos'd the Pr. of *Wales* to be Chancellor, and I believe so it will go. Pray copy out the Verses I writ on *Stella* on her collecting my Verses, and send them to me, for we want some to make our Poetical Miscellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what should be added. Direct them, and all other double Papers, to Lord B- - - - in *St. James's Square, London*. I was in a Fright about your Verses on *Stella's* Sickness, but glad when they were a Month old.

De-

Desire our Friends to let me know what I should buy for them here, of any Kind. I had just now a long Letter from Mrs. *Dingley*, and another from Mr. *Synge*. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great Thanks, and will leave the Visiting Affair to his Discretion. But all the Lawyers in *Europe* shall never persuade me that it is in the A. Bp's Power to take or refuse my Proxy, when I have the King's Leave of Absence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three Hundred Pounds poorer, to defend the Rights of the Dean. Pray ask Mr. *Synge* whether his *Fennocchio* be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like Sellary, either with or without Oil, &c. I design to pass my Time wholly in the Country, having some Business to do, and settle, before I leave *England* for the last Time. I will send you Mr. *Pope's* Criticisms, and my own, on your Work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God bless you all. If the K- - - - had lived but ten Days longer, I should be now at *Paris*. *Simpleton!* the *Drapiers* should have been sent unbound, but 'tis no great Matter; two or three would have been enough. I see Mrs. *Fad* but seldom, I never trouble them but when I am sent for; she expects me soon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told that I never go to Court, which I mention because of a Passage in Mrs. *D- - - -'s* Letter; she speaks mighty good Things of your Kindness. I do not
want

want that Poem to *Stella*, to print it entire, but some Passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the Volume. Read all this Letter without Hesitation, and I'll give you a Pot of Ale. I intend to be with you at *Michaelmas*, barr Impossibilities.

L E T T E R XIX.

To the same.

Twickenham, Aug. 12, 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever Gentleman was cleverly caught; for three Days after I came to Town with Lord *Oxford* from *Cambridgeshire*, which was ten Days ago, my old Deafness seized me, and hath continued ever since with great Encrease; so that I am now Deafier than ever you knew me, and yet a little less, I think, than I was Yesterday; but which is worse, about forty Days ago my Giddiness seized me, and I was so very ill, that Yesterday I took a hearty Vomit, and though I now totter, yet I think I am a Thought better; but what will be the Event I know not; one thing I know, that these deaf Fits use to continue five or six Weeks, and I am resolved if it continues, or my Giddiness, some Days longer, I will leave this Place, and remove to *Greenwich*, or somewhere near *London*, and take

take my Cousin *Lancelot* to be my Nurse. Our Friends know her; it is the same with *Pat Rolt*. If my Disorder should keep me longer than my Licence of Absence lasts, I would have you get Mr. *Worrall* to renew it; it will not expire till the sixth or seventh of *October*, and I resolved to begin my Journey *September* fifteenth. Mr. *Worrall* will see by the Date of my Licence what time the new one should commence; but he hath seven Weeks yet to consider: I only speak in time. I am very uneasy here, because so many of our Acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen; besides, Mr. *Pope* is too sickly and complaisant; therefore I resolve to go somewhere else. This is a little unlucky, my Head will not bear writing long: I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think best. The K --- and Q --- come in two Days to our Neighbourhood; and there I shall be expected, and cannot go; which, however, is none of my Grievances, for I had rather be absent, and have now too good an Excuse. I believe this Giddiness is the Disorder that will at last get the better of me; but I had rather it should not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than Yesterday. --- Since my Dinner my Giddiness is much better, and my Deafness a Hair's Breadth not so bad. 'Tis just as usual, worst in the Morning and at Evening. I will be very Temperate; and in the midst of Peaches, Figs, Nectarins, and Mulberries, I touch not a bit.

I hope

I hope I shall however set out in the middle of *September*, as I design'd. --- This is a long Letter for an ill Head: So adieu. My Service to our two Friends and all others.

L E T T E R XX.

To the same.

Twickenham, Aug. 29, 1727.

I HAVE had your Letter of the nineteenth, and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you with the most fatal News that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to Death for some ignominious Crime. I continue very ill with my Giddiness and Deafness, of which I had two Days Intermission, but since worse, and I shall be perfectly content if God shall please to call me away at this Time. Here is a triple Cord of Friendship broke, which hath lasted thirty Years, twenty-four of which in *Ireland*. I beg if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no Particulars, but the Event in general: My Weakness, my Age, my Friendship will bear no more. I have mentioned the Case as well as I knew it, to a Physician who is my Friend; and I find his Methods were the same, Air, and Exercise, and at last Asses-Milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger,

er, and in Health, or in Hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my Mind by all Methods in order to pass my Life in quiet; but I now want only three Months of Sixty. I am strongly visited with a Disease that will at last cut me off, if I should this Time escape; if not, I have but a poor Remainder, and that is below any wise Man's valuing, I do not intend to return to *Ireland* so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of Grief; I desire you will speak to Mr. *Worrall*, to get a new Licence about the beginning of *October*, when my old one (as he will see by the Date) shall expire; but if that fatal Accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present Condition. What I intend, is immediately to leave this Place, and go with my old Cousin for a Nurse about five Miles from *London*, on the other Side towards the Sea, and if I recover, I will either pass this Winter near *Salisbury-Plains*, or in *France*; and therefore I desire Mr. *Worrall* may make this Licence run like the former [To *Great-Britain* or elsewhere for Recovery of his Health.]

Neither my Health nor Grief will permit me to say more: Your Directions to Mr. *Lancelot* at his House in *New Bond-Street*, over-against the *Crown and Cushion*, will reach me. Farewell.

This Stroke was unexpected, and my Fears last Year were ten Times greater.

L E T

LETTER XXI.

*To the same.**London, Sept. 2, 1727.*

I HAD yours of the nineteenth of *August*, which I answered the twenty-ninth, from *Twickenham*. I came to Town on the last Day of *August*, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much Company came to us while I was so Giddy and Deaf. I am now got to my Cousin *Lancelot's* House, where I desire all Letters may be directed to me; I am still in the same Condition, or rather worse, for I walk like a drunken Man, and am deafen than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable Health, I would go this Moment to *Ireland*; yet I think I would not, considering the News I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of *August* twenty-fourth; I kept it an Hour in my Pocket, with all the Suspense of a Man who expected to hear the worst News that Fortune could give him; and at the same Time was not able to hold up my Head. These are the Perquisites of living long: The last Act of Life is always a Tragedy at best; but it is a bitter Aggravation to have one's best Friend go before one. I desired in my last, that you would not enlarge upon that Event; but tell me the bare Fact. I long knew that our dear Friend had not the *Stamina Vita*; but my

Friendship could not arm me against this Accident altho' I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last Letter, which now I suppose is with you. I know not whether it be an Addition to my Grief or no, that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a Reproach to me to be in perfect Health, when such a Friend is desperate. I do profess, upon my Salvation, that the distressed and desperate Condition of our Friend, makes Life so indifferent to me, who by Course of Nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the Time to struggle; yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present Disorder; and to what Advantage? Why, to see the Loss of that Person for whose sake Life was only worth preserving. I brought both those Friends over, that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the Knot is broken, and the remaining Person, you know, has ill answered the End; and the other who is now to be lost, was all that is valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great Hypocrite. What have I to do in the World? I never was in such Agonies as when I received your Letter, and had it in my Pocket.---I am able to hold up my sorry Head no longer.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXII.

*To the same.**Market-Hill, Aug. 2, 1728.*

OUR Friends here, as well as myself, were sadly disappointed upon hearing the Account of your Journey. No body in Town or Country, as we were informed, knew where you were; but I persuaded our Family that you were certainly in a Way of making yourself easy, and had got that Living you mentioned; and accordingly we were grieved and rejoiced at the Loss and Settlement of a Friend; but it never entered into our Heads that you were bestowing forty Days in several Stages between Constable and Constable, without any real Benefit to yourself, further than of Exercise; and we wished that no body should have had the Benefit of your long Absence from your School, but yourself, by a good Living; or we by your good Company: much less that the Pleasure of Spighting T—— had been your great Motive. I heartily wish you were settled at *Hamilton's Bawn*, and I would be apt to advise you not to quit your Thoughts that Way, if the Matter may be brought to bear; for by a Letter I just received from the Bishop of *Cork*, which was short and dry, with the stale Excuse of Pre-engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him.——As to

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what

what you call my Exercise, I have long quitted it, it gave me too much Constraint, and the World does not deserve it. We may keep it cold till the middle of Winter.

As to my Return, there are many Speculations. I am well here, and hate Removals; my Scheme was, that you should come hither as you say, and I return with you in your Chaise. Sir A——, on hearing your Letter, pressed me to stay longer. I am a very busy Man, such as at *Quilca*, which you will know when you come; yet I would contrive to be press'd more to stay till *Christmas*, and then you may contrive to be here again, and take me back with you time enough for my own Visitation: And my Reason of Staying is, to be here the Planting and Pruning Time, &c. I hate *Dublin*, and love the Retirement here, and the Civility of my Hosts. This is my State and Humour upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my Scheme. However I would have you keep your Vacation of *September* here; and let Mrs. Brent send me a dozen Guineas (half of them Half-Guineas) by you, and a Periwig, and a new riding Gown and Cassock, and whatever else I may want by a longer Absence, provided you will resolve and swear that I shall stay.

I had all Mrs. Brent's Packets by Mr. Little. My Service to Mrs. Dingley; I cannot say that I have more to say, than to say that I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

Sept. 18, 1728.

MY Continuance here is owing partly to Indolence, and partly to my Hatred of *Dublin*. I am in a middling Way, between Healthy and Sick, hardly ever without a little Giddiness or Deafness, and sometimes both: So much for that. As to what you call my Lesson, I told you I would think no more of it, neither do I conceive the World deserves so much Trouble from you or me. I think the Sufferings of the Country, for want of Silver, deserves a Paper, since the Remedy is so easy, and those in Power so negligent. I had some other Subjects in my Thoughts; but truly I am taken up so much with long Lampoons on a Person who owns you for a Back, that I have no Time for any thing else; and if I do not produce one every now and then of about two Hundred Lines, I am chid for my Idleness, and threaten'd with you. I desire you will step to the Deanry, speak to Mrs. *Brent*, bid her open the middle great Drawer of *Ridgeway's* Scrutore in my Closet, and then do you take out from thence, the History in Folio, marble Cover; and two thin Folio's fairly writ. I forget the Titles, but you have read them; one

M 3 is

is an Account of the Proceedings of Lord Oxford's Ministry, and the other to the same Purpose. There are foul Copies of both in the same Drawer, but do you take out the Fair-ones, not in my Hand. Let them be pack'd up, and brought hither by the Bearer. My Lady is perpetually quarrelling with Sir Ar--- and me, and shews every Creature the Libels I have writ against her.

Mr. Worrall sent me the Particulars of the Havock made in *Naboth's Vineyard*. ——— The D ——— burst, &c.

I think Lady Dun's burning would be an admirable Subject to shew how hateful an Animal a human Creature is, that is known to have never done any good. The Rabble all rejoicing, &c. which they would not have done at any Misfortune to a Man known to be Charitable.

I wish you could get in with the Primate, on the Account of some Discourse about you here to-day, with *Whaley* and *Walmsley*. *Whaley* goes to *Dublin* on Monday next in order for *England*. I would have you see him. I fancy you may do some Good with the Primate as to the first good vacant School, if you wheedle him, and talk a little Whiggishly.

LET-

L E T T E R XXIV.

*To the same.**Dublin, March 27, 1733.*

I Received your Letter with some Pleasure, and a good deal of Concern. The Condition you are in requires the greatest haste hither, although your School did not; and when you arrive, I will force Dr. *Helfbam* to see and direct you; your Scheme of Riding and Country-Air you find hath not answered, and therefore you have nothing to trust to but the Assistance of a friendly, skilful Doctor. For whether they can do any good or no, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at present, because the Publick, and all your Family have occasion for you. Besides, I do not like the Place you are in, from your Account, since you say People are dying there so fast. You cannot afford to lose daily Blood; but I suppose you are no more regular than you have been in your whole Life. I like the Article very much, which you propose in your Will; and if that takes place forty Years hence, and God for the Sins of Men should continue that Life so long, I would have it be still inserted; unless you could make it a little sharper. I own you have too much Reason to complain of some Friends, who next to yourself have done
you

you most hurt, whom still I esteem, and frequent, though I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the Case was not merely personal Malice to you, (although it had the same Effect) but a kind of I know not what Job, which one of them hath often heartily repented ; however it came to be patched up. I am confident your Collection of *Bons mots*, and *Contes à rire* will be much the best extant ; but you are apt to be terribly Sanguine about the Profits of Publishing : However it shall have all the Pushing I can give. I have been much out of order with a Spice of my Giddiness, which began before you left us : I am better of late Days, but not right yet, though I take daily Drops and Bitters. I must do the best I can, but shall never be more a Night-Walker. You hear they have in *England* pass'd the Excise on Tobacco, and by their Votes it appears they intend it on more Articles. And care is taken by some special Friends here to have it the same Way here. We are Slaves already, and from my Youth upwards. They, great wise Men, whom I used to be among, taught me that a general Excise (which they now by Degrees intend) is the most direct and infallible Way to Slavery. Pray G—— send it them in his Justice, for they well deserve it. All your Friends and the Town are just as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on Horseback, or dining and sitting the Evening at Home, endeavouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of Indolence, and Want of Spirits. No
Soul

Soul has broke his Neck, or is Hang'd or Married ; only *Cancerina* is dead, and I let her go to her Grave without a Coffin, and without Fees. ——— So I am going to take my Evening Walk after Five, having not been out of Doors yet. I wish you well and safe home ; pray call on me on *Sunday* Night.

I am, Yours, &c.

P. S. I believe there are a Hundred Literal Blunders, but I cannot stay to mend them---- So pick as you are able.

I am not so FRANK a Writer as you,

LETTER XXV.

To the same.

Sept. 12, 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious Observation upon the Days of the Week, and in Rhime, worth your Observation, and very proper for the Information of Boys and Girls, that they may not forget to reckon them : *Sunday's a Pun-day, Monday's a Dun-day, Tuesday's a News-*

*News-day, Wedn'sday's a Friend's-day, Thurs-
day's a Curs'd-day, Friday's a Dry-day, Satur-
day's the Latter-day. I intend something of
equal Use upon the Months: As January
Women vary. I shall likewise, in due Time,
make some Observation upon each Year as it
passes. So for the present Year:*

*One Thousand seven hundred and Thirty five,
When only the D--- and B---ps will thrive.*

And for the next:

*One Thousand seven Hundred and Thirty-six,
When the D--- will carry the B---ps to Styx.*

Perge:

*One Thousand seven Hundred Thirty-seven,
When the Whigs are so blind they mistake Hell
for Heav'n.*

I will carry these Predictions no further than
to the Year 2001, when the Learn'd think
the World will be at an End, or the fine-all-
Cat a-strow-fee.

*The last is the Period, Two Thousand and One,
When M----s and B--- to Hell are all gone.*

When

When that Time comes, pray remember the Discovery came from me.

It is now time I should begin my Letter. I hope you got safe to *Cavan*, and have got no Cold in those two terrible Days. All your Friends are well, and I as I used to be. I received yours. My humble Service to your Lady and Love to your Children. I suppose you have all the News sent to you. I hear of no Marriages going on. One Dean *Cross*, an eminent Divine, we hear is to be Bishop of *Cork*. - - - Stay till I ask a Servant what *Patrick's* Bells ring for so late at Night--You Fellow, is it for Joy or Sorrow? I believe it some of our Royal Birth-Days.-----Oh, they tell me it is for Joy a new Master is chosen for the Corporation of Butchers. So farewell.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXVI.

To the same.

Sept. 30, 1735.

Y E S T E R D A Y was the Going out of the last Lord Mayor, and to-day the Coming-in of the New, who is Alderman *Grattan*. The Duke was at both Dinners, but I thought it enough to go to-day, and I came away before Six with very little Meat or Drink. The Club meets in a Week, and I determine to leave the Town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the Air of such Rascals; but whither to go, or how far my Health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my Mind misgives me that you are neither in Humour nor Capacity to receive me as a Guest. I had your Law-letter. Those Things require serious Consideration: In order to bring them to a due Perfection, a wise Man will prepare a large Fund of Idioms; which are highly useful when literally translated by a skilful, eloquent Hand, and, except our *Latino-Anglicus*, is the most necessary as well as ornamental Part of human Learning. But then we must take special Care of infusing the most useful Precepts

cepts for the Direction of human Life, particularly for instructing Princes and great Ministers, distributing our Praises and Censures with the utmost Impartiality and Justice. This is what I have presumed to attempt, although very conscious to myself of my inferior Abilities for such a Performance. I begin with *Lady*, and because the judicious Mr. *Locke* says it is necessary to settle Terms before we write upon any Subject, I describe a certain Female of your Acquaintance, whose Name shall be *Dorothy*; it is in the following Manner: *Dolis Astra per, Astra mel, A sus, A quoque et, Atra pes, An id Lar, Alas ibones, A præ ter, At at Lar, A vi si ter, Age ipsi, Astro lar, An empti pate, Ara Lar, Aram Lar; An et, Ades e ver, Ast rumpet, Ad en, Agam Lar, Agrum Lar, Ac ros pus, Afflat error, Ape e per, As noti nos, Araver, Adhuc stare, Asso fis ter, A vi per, Ad rive Lar, Age Lar, Apud Lar, A fis Lar, A fis ter, A far ter, As hi ter, Anus Lar, A mus Lar, Arat Lar, A minximus, A prata pace, A gallo per, A sive.* Most learned Sir, I entreat you will please to observe (since I must speak in the vulgar Language) that in the above forty-three Denominations for Females, many of them end with the domestick Deity *Lar*, to shew that Women were chiefly created for Family Affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other Author hath made the same Remark. I have likewise begun a Treatise of Geography, (the *Anglo-Anglarians* call it

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erroneously Fog Ralph I) *Mei quo te summa fit? Astra Canis a miti citi; an Dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba des is more populus. An tego is a des arti here. I have a third Treatise to direct young Ladies in Reading. Ama dis de Gallis a fine his tori, an Dy et Belli anis is ab et ter. Summas eurus Valent in an Dorso ne Isthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore do mæsti cani males o fallique nat ure; na meli, Ac at, Arat, Amasti, fanda Lædi; Imæ ad amo usto o; A lædi inde edi mite ex captas a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari sono dius orno?*

I believe some evil Spirit hath got Possession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any Power with the D--- of D---, or with any one Bishop or Man of Power. I did but glance a single Word to the D--- about as proper a Thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other Discourse. You say, one Word of my Mouth would do, &c. I believe the Rhime of my Word would do just as much. Am I not universally known to be one who dislikes all present Persons and Proceedings? Another writes to desire that I would prevail on the A. Bp. of *Dublin* to give him the best Prebend of *St. Patrick's*. Let Bishop *Clayton* allow the Resignation, since *Donellan* is provided for. I mentioned to the D--- that *Donellan* should be Dean of *Cork*, on purpose to forward the Resignation

tion of old *Caulfield*, but it would not do. tho' *Caulfield* seems to have some Hopes, and it is B. *Clayton's* Fault if he does not yield, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

To the same.

I Have been very ill for these two Months past with Giddiness and Deafness, which last'd me till about ten Days ago, when I gradually recover'd, but still am Weak and Indolent, not thinking any thing worth my Thoughts ; and although (I forget what I was going to say, so it serves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the Pains. Your Friend Mrs. *Whiteway*, who is upon all Occasions so zealous to vindicate you, is one whom I desire you to chide ; for during my whole Sickness, she was perpetually plaguing and spunging on me ; and though she would drink no Wine herself, yet she encreas'd the Expence by making me force it down her Throat. Some of your eight Rules I follow, some I reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry Fellows. Mr. *J. R---* never fails ; I did within two Days past ring him

N 2

such

such a Peal in Relation to you, that he must be the D---I not to consider it ; I will use him the same Way, if he comes To-morrow (which I do not doubt) for a Pint of Wine. I like your Project of a Satyr on *Fairbrother*, who is an arrant Rascal in every Circumstance.

Every Syllable that is worth Reading, in this Letter, you are to suppose I writ it ; the Dean only took the Hints from me, but he has put them so ill together, that I am forc'd to tell you this in my own Justification. Had you been worth Hanging, you would have come to Town this Vacation, and I would have shown you a Poem on the Legion-Club. I do not doubt but that a certain Person will pretend he writ it, because there is a Copy of it in his Hand, lying on his Table ; but do not you mind that, for there are some People in the World will say any thing. I wish you could give some Account of poor Dr. Sheridan ; I hear the Reason he did not come to Town this Easter is, that he waited to see a Neighbour of his hang'd.

Whatever is said in this Page by *Goody Whiteaway*, I have not read nor will read ; but assure you, if it relates to me it is all a Lie ; for she says you have taught her that Art ; and as the World goes, and she takes you for a wise Man, she ought to follow your Practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own Affairs, and of your Health ; and when will you pay me any Money ? for upon my Conscience you have half starved me.

The

The Plover Eggs were admirable, and the Worst for the Dean's Stockings so fine that not one Knitter here can knit them.

We neither of us know what the other hath writ ; so one Answer will serve if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our Share, and each of us will read our own Part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that Disorder be better.

If the Dean should give you any Hint about Money, you need not mind him, for to my Knowledge he borrowed twenty Pounds a Month ago, to keep himself alive.

I am sorry to tell you that poor Mrs. *Whiteway* is to be hang'd on *Tuesday* next, for stealing a Piece of *Indian Silk* out of *Bradshaw's* Shop, and did not set the House on Fire, as I advis'd her. I have wrote a very masterly Poem on the *Legion-Club* ; which, if the Printer should be condemn'd to be hang'd for it, you will see in a three-penny Book ; for it is 240 Lines. Mrs. *Whiteway* is to have half the Profit and half the Hanging.

The Drapier went this Day to the Tholsel as a Merchant, to sign a Petition to the Government against lowering the Gold, where we hear he made a long Speech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite. God send Hanging does not go round.

Yours, &c.

April 24, 1736.

[The Paragraphs in Italick were wrote by Mrs. *Whiteway*.]

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To the same.

MRS. *Whiteway* and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming, that you had not sent a Letter since you got to your *Caban*, (for the V consonant was anciently a B) I mean *Cavan*: But, however, we mingled Pity; for we feared you had run away from School, and left the Key under the Door. We were much disappointed, that the Spring and beginning of Summer had not introduced the Muses, and that your (now) walkable Roads had not rous'd your Spirits. We are here the happiest People in the Universe; we have a Year and half before the Club will meet, to be reveng'd further on the Clergy, who never offended them; and in *England* their Parliament are following our Steps, only with two or three Steps for our one. It is well you have done with the Church, but pray take Care to get Money, else in a Year or two more they will forbid all *Greek* and *Latin* Schools, as Popish and Jacobite. I took leave of the Duke and Dutchess to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a Promise to bestow upon *England* 25000*l.* a Year for ever, by lowering the Gold Coin, against the Petition of all the Merchants, Shopkeepers,

keepers, &c. to a Man. May his own Estate be lowered the other forty Parts, for we now lose by all the Gold two and a half *per Cent*. He will be a better (that is to say a worse) Man by 60000 *l*. than he was when he came over, and the Nation better (that is to say worse) by above half a Million; besides the worthy Method he hath taken in Disposal of Employments in Church and State. Here is a cursed long Libel running about in Manuscript, on the *Legion-Club*; it is in Verse, and the foolish Town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abused (as is it said) in the Original; but others have added more, which I never saw though I have once read the true one. What has *Foul-brother* done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your Provocations; but he was a Fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the Title shall be, *Upon a certain Bookseller (or Printer) in Utopia*. — Mrs. *Whiteway* will be here to-morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open-hearted Letter, very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one Night.

S I R,

S I R,

I Am most sincerely obliged to you for all the civil Things you have said to me, and of me, to the Dean. I found the good Effects of them this Day; when I waited on him, he received me with great Good-humour, said something had happened since he saw me last that had convinced him of my Merit; that he was sorry he had treated me with so little Distinction, and that hereafter I should not be put upon the foot of an humble Companion, but like a Lady of Wit and Learning, and Fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr. Sheridan to part with his Wife, he would make her his Friend, his Nurse, and the Manager of his Family. I approved entirely of his Choice, and at the same Time expressed my Fears, that it would be impossible for you to think of living without her; this is all that sticks with me. But considering the Friendship you express to me for the Dean, I hope you will be persuaded to consider his Good rather than your own; and send her up immediately; or else it will put him to the Expence of giving three Shillings and Fourpence for a Wife, and he declares that the Badness of Pay of his Tythes, since the Resolutions of the Parliament of Ireland, puts this out of his Power.

I could

I could not guess why you were so angry at *Foul-brother* ; till Mrs. *Whiterway*, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some Works of yours and mine like a Rogue ; which is so usual to their Trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on to desire that Mrs. *Donalson* will let me know what I owe her, not in Justice but Generosity. If you could find Wine and Victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the Summer with you, if Health would permit me ; for I have some Club Enemies that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot : it is a Death I have a particular Aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk with Servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my Killers ; however, I would have them be the Beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. *R-----*, who (Money excepted) is a very honest Man. How is your Breathing ? As to myself, my Life and Health are not worth a Groat. How shall we get Wine to your Cabin ? I can spare some ; and am preparing Diaculum to save my Skin as far as *Ca-van* ; and even to *Belturbet*. Pray God preserve you.

I am, &c.

Dub. May 15, 1736.

LET-

L E T T E R XXIX.

*To the same.**Dub. June 5, 1736.*

YOU must pay your Groat (as if you had been drunk last Night) for this Letter, because I am neither acquainted with any Frank Curr, nor the of Frank King. I am glad you got the Piles, because it is a Mark of Health, and a strong Constitution. I believe what you say of the *Legion-Club* Poem; for it plainly appears a Work of a *Legion-Club*, for I hear there are fifty different Copies; but what's that to me? And you are in the Right, that they are not treated according to their Merit. You never writ so regularly in your Life, and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the *Piles*; I mean any *Piles*, except those of Lime and Stone, and yet *Piles* are not so bad as the *Stone*. I find you intend to be here (by your Date) in a dozen Days hence. The Room shall be ready for you, though I shall never have you in a Morning, or at Dinner, or in an Evening; at all other Times I shall be pestered with you. *John R---* (for he does not deserve the Name of *Jack*) is gone to his six-miles-off Country Seat for

for the Summer. I admire at your Bill of 101. odd; for I thought your first was double: Or is it an additional one? When you satisfy me, I will send down to him with a Vengeance: Although, except that damn'd Vice of Avarice, he is a very agreeable Man.—As to your Venison, *vain is one who expects it.* I am checking you for your Chickens, and could lamb you for your Lambs. *Addenda quædam.* My Wife a rattling, My Children tattling. My Money spent is, and due my Rent is. My School decreasing, My Income ceasing. *All! People tease me, But no Man pays me.* My Worship is bit, By that Rogue Nisbit. *To take the right Way, Consult Friend Whiteway.* Would you get still more? Go flatter Kilmore. Your Geese are old, Your W--- a Scold. You live among ill Folks in a Dunghill. You never have an old Friend at Cavan, --- Mrs. Whiteway is ever your Friend, but your old ones have forsaken you; as mine have me. My Head is ever bad; and I have just as much Spirits left as a drowned Mouse. Pray do not give yourself Airs of pretending to have Flies in Summer, at Cavan; and such a no Summer as this.: I, who am the best Fly-Catcher in the Kingdom, have not thought it worth my Time to show my Skill in that Art. I believe nothing of your Garden Improvements, for I know you too well. What you say of your Leanness is incredible; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe

breathe free, (which nothing but Exercise can give) you may be safe with as little Flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your Letter just before this was seal'd; but I cannot answer it now.

L E T T E R X X X .

To the same.

I Received your two Letters. The first is mingled with *Latin* and *English*, one following t'other: Now I scorn that Way, and put both Languages in one. However, for the Sake of Order, I will begin with answering your second Letter before the first, because it deserves one, on account of your Presents. From Bogs, Rivers, Mountains, Mosses, Quagmires, Heaths, Lakes, Kennels, Ditches, Weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c.----Mrs. *Whiteway* was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every *Curofity*; she swears the Paper of Gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the Smell. That your whole Artichock Leaf, shows its Mother to be smaller than a Nutmeg, and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to Censure. Your Raspberry she compared with the Head of a
Corking-

Corking Pin, and the latter had the Victory. Your Currants are invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your Purslane passed very well with me, but she swore it was House-leek. She denies your *Cavan* Fly to be genuine, but will have it, that for the Credit of your Town you would have it born there, although Mrs. *Donaldson* confesses it was sent her in a Box of brown Sugar, and dy'd as it enter'd the Gates. Mrs. *White-way* proceeds farther in her Malice, declaring your Nastartium to be only a P---is-a-bed; your Beans as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten Hogs in *Leicestershire*. In one thing she admires your Generosity, that for her Sake you would spare a Drop or two of your Canal-Water, which by the spongy Bottom needs it so much. The only Defect of them all were, that they wanted Colour, Sight, and Smell; yet as to the last, we both acknowledged them all to exale a general Fustiness, which however did much resemble that of your *Cavan* Air.

July 10, 1736.

L E T T E R X X X I .

To the same.

I Received your Letter which begun with *Lings*. You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and sixty; a Trifle! find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten Guineas for the Eleventh. Mine are all down, and only Twelve which are not entered in a Letter, which I will send you when Health permits, and I have nothing else to do, and that may be a Twelvemonth hence, if my Disorder will let me hold out so long. You were born to be happy, for you take the least piece of Good-fortune chearfully. I suppose your Arithmetick is, that three Boys a Week, are a hundred and fifty-nine in the Year; and seven Guineas a Week are three hundred and sixty-five *per Annum*. Can you reckon that the County, and the next, and *Dublin*, will provide you with thirty Lads in all, and good Pay, of which a Dozen shall be Lodgers? Does the Cheapness of Things answer your Expectation? Have you sent away your late younger-marry'd Daughter? and will you send away the other? Let me desire you will be very regular in your Accounts; because a very honest Friend of yours and mine, tells me, that
with

with all your Honesty, it is an uneasy Thing to have any Dealings with you that relate to Accounts, by your frequent Forgetfulness and Confusion : For you have no Notion of Regularity, and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered, confused Manner in which you have lived. Mrs. *Whiterway* thanks you for the good Opinion you have of her, and I know she always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be able to travel. I have three other Engagements on my Hands, but the principal is to see the Bishop of *Offory*. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five Miles. I am never well. Some sudden Turns are every Day threat'ning me with a giddy Fit ; and my Affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a Scheme of living with you when the *College-Green Club* is to meet ; for in these Times I detest the Town, and hearing the Follies, Corruptions, and slavish Practices of those mis-representative Brutes, and resolve, if I can stir, to pass that whole Time at *Bath* or *Cavan*. I say again, keep very regular Accounts, in large Books, and a fair Hand ; not like me, who to save Paper confuse every thing. Your Mind is honest, but your Memory a Knave, and therefore the *Scotch* mean the same Thing by *mind-ing*, that we do by *remembering*. Sirrah, said I to a *Scotch* Footman, why did not you go that Errand ? Because I did no *mind* it, quoth *Sawny*. A curse on these twenty Soldiers drumming through my Liberty twice a Day,

and going to a Barrack the Government hath plac'd just under my Nose. I think of a Line in *Virgil Travesty*. *The D---l cut their yelping Weasons*. We expect Lord Orrery and Bishop Rundle next Week. ——— This Letter was intended for last Post, but Interruptions and Horfes hinder'd it. Poor Mrs. *Acheson* is relapsed at *Grange*, and worse than ever; I was there yesterday and met Dr. *H* ——— *m*, who hopes she was a little better. ——— 16. Here has no body been hanged, marry'd,, or dead that I hear of; Dr. *Grattan* is confined by a Boil; if you ask him where, he will sell you a Bargain. My chief Country Companion now is Philosopher *Webber*; for the *Grattans* and *Jacksons* are neither to be found at home or abroad, except *Robin*, who cannot stir a Foot.

L E T T E R X X X I I .

To the same.

I Will on *Monday* (this is *Saturday May 22*, as you will read below in the Date) send or talk to Mr. *Smith*: But I distrust your Sanguinity so much, (by my own desponding Temper) that I know not whether that Affair
of

of your Justice-ship be fixed, but I shall know next Week, and writ or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the Duke and his Clan against the lowring of Gold, which is just a kind Settlement upon *England* of 25000 *l.* a Year for ever: Yet some of my Friends differ from me, though all agree that the Absentees will be just so much Gainers. I am excessively glad that your Difficulty of Breathing is over; for what is Life but Breath? I mean not that of our Nostrils, but our Lungs. You must, in Summer, ride every half Holy-day, and go to Church every *Sunday* some Miles off. The People of *England* are copying from us to plague the Clergy, but they intend far to out-do the Original. I wish I were to be born next Century, when we shall be utterly rid of Parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your Bishop give you a Living, I will leave off, (except this Letter) giving you the Title of *Reverend*. I did write him lately a Letter with a Witness, relating to his Printer of *Quadrille* (did you ever see it?) with which he half ruined *Faulkner*. He promises (against his Nature) to consider him, but interpos'd an Exception, which I believe will destroy the Whole. Mrs. *Whiteway* gives herself Airs of loving you, but do not trust her too much, for she grows disobedient; and says she is going *for* to get another Favourite. In short, she calls you Names, and has neither Mr. nor Dr. on her Tongue, but calls you plain

plain *Sheridan*, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spite of me ; and, between ourselves, she sets up to be my Governor. I wish you had sent me the Christian-name of *Knatchbull*, and I would have writ to him ; but I will see him on *Monday*, if he will be visible. The Poem on the *Legion-Club* is so altered and enlarged, as I hear, (for I only saw the Original) and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the Club to the *True Number*. I hear it is charged to me, with great Personal Threatnings from the Puppies offended. Some say they will wait for Revenge to their next Meeting. Others say, the Privy Council will summon the suspected Author. If I could get the true Copy I would send it you. Your Bishop writes me word, that the real Author is manifest by the Work. ——— Your Loss of Flesh is nothing, if it be made up with Spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with *Horace*, *Non omnis mariar* ; for half my Body is already spent.

L E T.

LETTER XXXIII.

*To the same.**April 9, 1737.*

ABOUT a Month ago I received your last Letter, wherein you complain of my long Silence; what will you do when I am so long in Answering? I have one Excuse which will serve for all my Friends, I am quite worn out with Disorders of Mind and Body; a long Fit of Deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an Apprehension of Giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful Touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten Lines without twenty Blunders, as you will see by the Number of Scratchings and Blots before this Letter is done: Into the Bargain, I have not one Rag of Memory left; and my Friends have all forsaken me except Mrs. *Whiteway*, who preserves some Pity for my Condition, and a few others who love Wine that costs them nothing. As to my taking a Journey to *Cavan*, I am just as capable as of a Voyage to *China*, or of running Races at *Newmarket*. But, to speak in the *Latinitas Grattamiana*; *Tu clamas metrix*

retrix primus ; for we have all expected you here at *Easter*, as you were used to do. — Your Muster-Roll of Meat is good, but, of Drink in sup Port able, Yew wann twine. My Strefs *Albaria* has eaten here all your hung Beef, and said it was very good. The Affair of high Importance in their Family is, that Miss *Molly* hath issued out Orders with great Penalties, to be called Mrs. *Harrison* : which causeth many Speck you'll ash owns. — I am now come to the noli me Tan Jerry, which begg Inns wyth mad Dam. — So I will go on by the Strength of my own Wit upon Points of the high est imp or taunts. I have been very curious in considering that fruitful Word *Ling* ; which explains many fine Qualities in Ladies, such as *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling*, (seldom) *toy ling*, *mumb ling*, *grumb ling*, *curr ling*, *puss ling*, *bus ling*, *strow ling*, *ramb ling*, *quarry ling*, *tat ling*, *whiff ling*, *dabb ling*, *doub ling*. These are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower : They have all got cold this Winter, big Owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, an dare ink you rabble. — Well, I triumph over you, Is corn Urine cap a City. Pray, tell me, does the Land of *Quilca* pay any Rent ? or is any paid by the Tenant ? or is there not any Part of 50 l. to be got ? But before you make Complaints of ill Payments from your School, I will declare I was never so ill paid as now, even by my richer Debtors. I have finished my Will for the last Time, wherein I left some little Legacy, which you are not

to receive till you shall be entirely out of my Debt, and paid all you owe me to my Executors. And I have made very honourable Mention of you in the Will, as the Consideration of my leaving these Legacies to you.

Explain this Proverb. *Salt dry Fish, and the Wedding-gold, Is the Vice of Women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time. The old Huncks *Shephard* has bury'd his only Son, who was a young Huncks come to Age.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

DOCTOR,

UR *E* verens is as fit amanto tellus toris assi. It is as illi gesto me. *E* veri lædi is a prata pace: Sum arso denti i cursum at a venture. Amanto mari ad rabido cetis a miti folli. Ime metum at Annibal. A tu es de se nite sed ito a lædi in cum pani offa delatoris, præsit in mi lapsu. Diæti camina furiatus, orto præ ventus: His cotis vel vetas sine assa Hero. Histrix arso rudi cantabit en durum. His arsis ne ver atqui et. Casi, de vilis in uti fora puppi. Præ heris anser. Sursum denis agrum, agros, aras calli, as ausi, an empti, an das curvi Tori. A pacatoris sat at superbius, sed ito Dic; Serra, ærugo, origo, I mæres mi angor in as Lapithæ belli:

I promissu as furas urina gaudi coti intendit ; fori de testa vi olent parti rogas mi ene mi. As furas veni sonis fit fora passu. Ima deni se ; far ab ove ad rumor, ora piper, ora caper in fartor. Sed ito an ebur nec slo misi de ; Ago, arundo formica ne, letabo beat mi merci. I seda punis mi de lite, ora cupa claret ; an Di caso fore ver. Alludo dic isto callus aras calido deni it. Dic sedi in ager, cantu ride mi mare inani para Bootes, ora nupera sues ? Dic has hyems in bis pate. His cum pani i tecum fora veri scilicet o puppis : iras cullum tuenti times a de. Dic sed, i amabo ; i sedi detestabo, i findit : cantu curabo ? Prædixit an do tellus sum tales. Cannibal a sudo ? Olet Serapis in ure Bootes : Olet hircum. A curru artis apparent. As sine as ure cotis, itis as Græci assa candelis ; nota sum tuus habet forabo. Atlas tu sed ; Serra dicti, sensu arso rude tomis ter deni se, ure nos in mi ars.

Præ se Doctor, mi musti visit mi par sonas i intendit ? I definit a tu es de nite nec stat his labora tori ; an de at mi superaturus.

Itis ab ova forte nite ago sinceri ritu notis offa define tomus ter alni tori parti at super. Se, musti bipes forum, orno ? An ebur omine has sum veri sine stipes ; I præ ubi sumto fata porcas i intendat sum time fora meri Es ter, orat Crista mas de. As tomi pes, i avum redi in atro.

*Is dicor is mari deflet me tecum in tomi cum
pani; formidinis in mi pate. Fori cantherina
dea bellet alpha quator offa miles distans.*

*Sed ito dic, præis mi lædi Mari abuti orno?
Heris anser? O, as feras ab lac amore, assuetas
Ajax, as meri as an apis, an das redito fartas
a marina rodīs.*

*Præbe specus a satur de nec flat superaturus:
Ime beaturus Tori rori, as meri assa piper.*

*Res tore mi in cornu curru stola satur de. Udi
diti se, an das furas agunto, it istos hamus. Ime
coni tuto nugator inani gelu deservit. Atlas tu
me sufferat a gallus fora robur. Itis veri es ito
paca juri. Cani se inas Indis Creta manas
ubi? I cano. Præjurdo me justis. Sed ito dixit
quietas alam. Sensu arso pertica nata ni time
triumpho vera prætor; itis notat alto me. I
valuit nota quarto vale.*

*Mi puppi is solaminis legas i cantu fim inani
errant.*

*Seras de lite isto flat ter. Afflat error is redito
puta nor inani ars. Sera sedi, pullus sum frutor
lætus pullum, an apri coxa bitumen de lite in.
Ire alimant a civi lite fora lædi, butio nimis
tectum. Itis inveni findito trito humorem
as longe timeas ire membra jumento sume fora
det: At ipsi rogata poto vale: Uno Io nomen agro
at.*

*at. I meta non est at urnæ, a foto mi en emi ;
an di pedit in-bisco in.*

*Sinciput Eumenides ago in a furi, Iambicum
more care fulto repentit: Atom, cantu culmen
fit fora meri cum pani? Atri forum, prædo. Fi-
nalis mi de lite. Obruit as fine assis inani citi.
Ure caris in ops notabit fusti. Aduncis mi de lite,
justas a paratis ures ; I herum, I en cur age,
an di secundum in almi follis, fora de orso.*

*Tomi ad visu toris torisque nota peni inani
Hanno veri an interest. Arma gesti Caro lina
has no credit. An das tomi Georgica notabit
en dure. Mi cur doct̃or toral ordinis nupera
Bootes.*

*Miser vi ceto ure datur An. præ rem embrio
hera peni. I sum times castas ipsi ater. Imis
terat urus.*

Siriam,

Satur de at nite.

Ures.

L E T.

LETTER XXXV.

To Dr. HELSHAM.

SIR,

WHEN I left you, I found myself of
 the Grape's Juice sick;
 I'm so full of Pity, I never abuse Sick;
 And the patientest Patient that ever you knew
 sick;
 Both when I am Purge-sick, and when I am
 Spew sick.
 I pitied my Cat, whom I knew by her Mew-
 sick;
 She mended at first, but now she's anew sick.
 Captain *Butler* made some in the Church black
 and blue sick;
 Dean *Cross*, had he preach'd, would have made
 us all Pew-sick,
 Are not you, in a Crowd, when you sweat and
 you stew, sick?
 Lady *Santry* got out of the Church when she
 grew sick,
 And, fast as she could, to the Deanery
 flew sick.
 Miss *Morris* was (I can assure you 'tis true)
 sick:
 For, who would not be in that numerous Crew
 sick?
 Such Musick would make a Fanatick or Jew
 sick:

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Yet,

Yet, Ladies are seldom at *Ombre* or *Lue* sick ;
Nor is old * *Nanny Shales*, whene'er she does
brew, sick.

My Footman came home from the Church of a
Bruise sick.

And look'd like a Rake, who was made in the
Stews sick ;

But you learned Doctors can make whom you
chuse sick.

Poor I myself I was, when I withdrew, sick,
For the Smell of them made me like *Garlick*
and *Rue* sick.

And I got thro' the Crowd, tho' not led by a
Clew, sick.

You hop'd to find many (for that was your
Cue) sick ;

But, there were not a Dozen (to give 'em their
Due) sick,

And those to be sure, stuck together like *Glew*,
sick.

So are Ladies in Crowds, when they squeeze
and they screw, sick.

You may find they are all, by their yellow pale
Hue, sick ;

So am I, when Tobacco, like *Robin*, I chew,
sick.

Nov. 23. at Night

1731.

* Vide *Grattan inter Belcamp et Clensbsh.*

To Doctor SHERIDAN.

If I write any more, it will make my poor
Muse sick.

This Night I came home with a very cold Dew
sick,

And I wish I may soon be not of an A-gue
sick;

But I hope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a
Shrew sick,

Who often has made me, by looking ascue,
sick.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

To the same.

S I R,

P R A Y discruciate what follows :

The dullest Beast, and Gentleman's Liquor,
When young is often due to the Vicar.

The dullest Beast, and Swine's Delight,
Make up a Bird very swift of Flight.

The dullest Beast when high in Stature,
Add another of Royal Nature,
For breeding is a useful Creature.

}

The dullest Beast, and a Party distressed,
When too long, is bad at best.

The dullest Beast, and the Saddle it wears,
Is good for Partridge, not for Hares.

The dullest Beast and kind Voice of a Cat,
Will make a Horse go, though he be not fat.

The dullest of Beasts and of Birds in the Air,
Is that by which all *Irishmen* swear.

The dullest Beast and sam'd College for *Teagues*,
Is a Person very unfit for Intrigues.

The dullest Beast and a Cobler's Tool,
With a Boy that is only fit for a School,
In Summer is very pleasant and cool. }

The dullest Beast, and that which you kiss,
May break a Limb of Master or Miss.

Of Serpent-Kind, and what at Distance kills,
Poor Miss *Dingley* oft hath felt its Bills.

The dullest Beast, and Eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the Ground.

The dullest Beast and what covers a House,
Without it a Writer is not worth a Louse.

The dullest Beast, and scandalous Vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the Hungry is charming.
The

The dullest Beast, and what's cover'd with Cruft,
There's nobody but a Fool that would trust.

The dullest Beast mending Highways,
Is to a Horse an evil Disease.

The dullest Beast and a Hole in the Ground,
Will dress a Dinner worth five Pound.

The dullest Beast, and what Doctors pretend,
The Cook-maid often has by the End.

The dullest Beast and Fish for Lent
May give you a Blow you'll for ever repent.

The dullest Beast and a shameful Jeer,
Without it a Lady should never appear.

Wednesday Night.

I writ all these before I went to Bed. Pray
explain them for me, because I cannot do it.





The Blunders, Deficiencies, Distresses and Misfortunes of Quilca.

Propos'd to contain One and Twenty Volumes in Quarto. Begun April 20, 1724. To be continued Weekly, if due Encouragement be given.

BUT one Lock and a half in the whole House.

The Key of the Garden Door lost.

The empty Bottles all uncleanable.

The Vessels for Drink few and leaky.

The new House all going to Ruin before it is finished.

One Hinge of the Street-Door broke off, and the People forc'd to go out and come in at the Back-Door.

The Door of the Dean's Bed-Chamber full of large Chinks.

The Beaufet letting in so much Wind that it almost blows out the Candles.

The Dean's Bed threat'ning every Night to fall under him.

The

The little Table loose and broken in the Joints.

The Passages open over Head, by which the Cats pass continually into the Cellar, and eat the Victuals, for which one was try'd, condemn'd, and executed by the Sword.

The large Table in a very tottering Condition.

But one Chair in the House fit for sitting on, and that in a very ill State of Health.

The Kitchen perpetually crouded with Savages.

Not a Bit of Mutton to be had in the Country.

Want of Beds, and a Mutiny thereupon among the Servants, till supply'd from *Keils*.

An egregious Want of all the most common necessary Utensils.

Not a Bit of Turf this cold Weather, and Mrs. *Jabnson* and the Dean in Person, with all their Servants, forc'd to assist at the Bog in gathering up the wet Bottoms of old Clamps.

The Grate in the Ladies Bedchamber broke, and forc'd to be removed, by which they were compelled to be without Fire, the Chimney smoaking intolerably; and the Dean's great Coat was employ'd to stop the Wind from coming down the Chimney, without which Expedient they must have been starv'd to Death.

A Messenger sent a Mile to borrow an old broken Tun-dish.

Bottles

Bottles stop'd with Bits of Wood and Tow, instead of Corks.

Not one Utenfil for a Fire, except an old pair of Tongs, which travels through the House, and is likewise employed to take the Meat out of the Pot, for want of a Flesh-fork.

Every Servant an errant Thief as to Victuals and Drink, and every Comer and Goer as errant a Thief of every thing he or she can lay their Hands on.

The Spit blunted with poking into Bogs for Timber, and tears the Meat to pieces.

Bellum atque fœminam: Or a Kitchen War between Nurse and a nasty Crew of both Sexes; she to preserve Order and Cleanliness, they to destroy both; and they generally are Conquerors.

April 28. This Morning the great Fore-door quite open, dancing backwards with all its Weight upon the lower Hinge, which must have been broke, if the Dean had not accidentally come and relieved it.

A great Hole in the Floor of the Ladies Chamber, every Hour hazarding a broken Leg.

Two damnable iron Spikes erect on the Dean's Bedstead, by which he is in danger of a broken Shin at rising and going to Bed.

The Ladies and Dean's Servants growing fast into the Manners and Thieveries of the Natives; the Ladies themselves very much corrupted; the Dean perpetually storming, and in danger

danger either of losing all his Flesh, or sinking into Barbarity for the Sake of Peace.

Mrs. *Dingley* full of Cares for herself, and Blunders and Negligence for her Friends, Mrs. *Johnson* sick and helpless. The Dean deaf and fretting; the Lady's Maid awkward and clumsy; *Robert* lazy and forgetful; *William* a pragmatical, ignorant, and conceited Puppy; *Robin* and Nurse the two great and only Supports of the Family.

Bellum lactæum: Or the milky Battle, fought between the Dean and the Crew of *Quilca*; the latter insisting on their Privilege of not milking till Eleven in the Forenoon; whereas Mrs. *Johnson* wanted Milk at Eight for her Health. In this Battle the Dean got the Victory; but the Crew of *Quilca* begin to rebel again, for it is this Day almost ten o'Clock, and Mrs. *Johnson* hath not got her Milk.

A Proverb on the Laziness and Lodgings of the Servants: *The worse their Sty, the longer they lie.*

Two great Holes in the Walls of the Ladies Bed-chamber, just at the Back of the Bed, and one of them directly behind Mrs. *Johnson's* Pillow, either of which would blow out a Candle in the calmest Day.

A C H A.



A
C H A R A C T E R
O F

P-----te M-----H.

M----- has the Reputation of most profound and universal Learning ; this is the general Opinion, neither can it be easily disproved. An old rusty Iron Chest in a Banker's Shop, strongly lockt, and wonderful heavy, is full of Gold ; this is the general Opinion, neither can it be disproved, provided the Key be lost, and what is in it be wedged so close that it will not by any Motion discover the Metal by the Chinking. Doing good is his Pleasure ; and as no Man consults another in

in his Pleasures, neither does he in this ; by his Aukwardness and Unadvisedness disappointing his own good Designs. His high Station hath plac'd him in the Way of great Employments, which, without the least polishing his native Rusticity, have given him a Tincture of Pride and Ambition. But these Vices would have pass'd conceal'd under his natural Simplicity, if he had not endeavour'd to hide them by Art. His Disposition to Study is the very same with that of an Usurer to hoard up Money, or of a vicious young Fellow to a Wench : Nothing but Avarice and evil Concupiscence, to which his Constitution has fortunately given a more innocent Turn. He is fordid and suspicious in his Domesticks, without Love or Hatred ; which is but reasonable, since he has neither Friend nor Enemy ; without Joy or Grief ; in short, without all Passions but Fear, to which of all others he has least Temptation, having nothing to get or to lose ; no Posterity, Relation, or Friend to be solicitous about ; and placed by his Station above the Reach of Fortune or Envy. He hath found out the Secret of preferring Men without deserving their Thanks ; and where he dispenses his Favours to Persons of Merit, they are less obliged to him than to Fortune. He is the first of human Race, that with great Advantages of Learning, Piety, and Station, ever escap'd being a great Man. That which relishes best with him, is mixt Liquor and mixt Company, and he

he is seldom unprovided with very bad of both. He is so wise as to value his own Health more than other Men's Noses, so that the more honourable Place at his Table is much the worst, especially in Summer. It has been affirmed that originally he was not altogether devoid of Wit, till it was extruded from his Head to make room for other Men's Thoughts. He will admit a Governor, provided it be one who is very officious and diligent, outwardly pious, and one that knows how to manage and make the most of his Fear. No Man will be either glad or sorry at his Death, except his Successor.



THE



T H E

Duty of Servants at Inns. *

BE mounted before your Master. When you see him mounted, ride out before him. When he baits at Noon, enter the Inn-Gate before him, and call the Ostler to hold your Master's Horse while he alights. Leave your Master to the Servants of the Inn; go you with the Horses into the Stable; chuse a Place farthest from the Stable Door; see the Standing be dry; send immediately for fresh Straw; see all the old Hay out of the Rack, and get fresh put in; see your Horse's Girths be loosed and

* *This seems to be part of a Work, mentioned by Swift in one of his Letters to Pope, which was to have given Rules to all Servants from the highest to the lowest.*

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Stuffed;

stuffed ; take not off the Bridles till they are cool, nor Saddles in an Hour ; see their Hoofs be well pick'd ; try if the Heads of the Nails be fast, and whether they be well clenched, if not, send presently for a Smith ; always stand by while the Smith is employed. Give the Oats the last thing. Water your Horses when you are within a Mile or more of the Inn. Never keep above forty Yards before or behind your Master, unless he commands you. Try the Oats by smelling and weighing them ; see you have good Measure ; stand by while your Horses are eating their Oats. When you enter your Evening-Inn, let your Horses Feet be stuff'd with Cow-Dung every Night.

Observe the same Rules, only be sure if any thing be wanting for a Smith, let it be done over Night.

Know the Time your Master will set out in the Morning : Allow him a full Hour to get himself ready. Contrive both at Morn and Noon to eat, so that your Master need not stay for you. Do not let the Drawer carry the Bill to your Master, but examine it first carefully and honestly, and then bring it yourself, and be able to account for every Article. If the Servants have not been civil, tell your Master before their Faces, when he is going to give them Money.

Duty

Duty of the other Servants, where there are two.

Ride forty Yards behind your Master, but be mounted before him. Observe now and then whether his Horse's Shoes be right. When you come to an Inn at Noon, give your Horse to the Ostler; bestir yourself to get a convenient Room for your Master; bring all his Things into his Room, full in his Sight; enquire what is in the House, see it yourself, and tell your Master how you like it. Step yourself now and then into the Kitchen to hasten Dinner or Supper, and observe whether they be cleanly. Taste the Ale, and tell your Master whether it be good or bad. If he want Wine, go you with the Drawer and chuse a Bottle well fill'd and stop'd: If the Wine be in Hogsheads, desire to taste and smell it; if it be sour, or not clear, or ill-tasted, let your Master know it, that he may not be at the Charge of Wine not fit to be drunk. See the Salt be dry and powdered, the Bread new and clean, the Knives sharp. At Night observe the same Rules: But first chuse him a warm Room, with a Lock and Key in order, then call immediately for the Sheets, see them well aired and at a large Fire; feel the Blankets, Bed, Bolster, Pillow, whether they be dry, and

Q²

whether

whether the Floor under the Bed be damp. Let the Chamber be that which hath been last lain in ; enquire about it. If the Bed itself be damp, let it be brought before a large Fire, and air it on both Sides. That you may forget nothing in the Inn, have a fair List of all that you want to take out ; and when you put them up, compare with your List.

You are to step now and then into the Stable to see whether the Groom performs his Duty.

For packing up your Things, have a List of Linen, &c. In packing, take care that no two hard things be together, and that they be wrapped up in Paper or Towels. Have a large Provision of large coarse Paper, and other waste Paper. Remember to put every thing in their proper Places in the Portmanteau. Stuff the Shoes and Slippers at the Toes with a small Lock of Hay ; fold up the Cloaths so as that they may not be rumped. When your Master is in his Room at Night put all his Things in such a Manner as he has them at home. Learn to have some Skill in Cookery, that at a Pinch you may be able to make your Master easy.

The Groom. Carry with you a Stirrup-Leather, an Awl, twelve Horse Nails, and a Horse's Fore-Shoes, Pick, and an Hammer,
for

for fear of an Accident; and some Ends, and Pack-Thread, a Bottle-skrew, Knife and Pen-knife, Needles, Pins, Thread, Silk, Worsted, &c. Some Plaisters and Scissars.

Item, the Servants to carry their own Things. Have a Pocket-Book, keep all the Bills, date the Time and Place; and endorſe the Numbers.

Enquire in every Town if there be any thing worth ſeeing. Obſerve the Country-Seats, and aſk who they belong to; and enter them, and the Counties where they are.

Search under your Maſter's Bed when he is gone up, leſt a Cat or ſomething elſe may be under it.

When your Maſter's Bed is made, and his Things ready, lock the Chamber-Door, and keep the Key till he goes to Bed; then keep it in your Pocket till Morn.

Let the Servants of the Inn be ſure to wake you above an Hour before your Maſter is to go, that he may have an Hour to prepare himſelf.

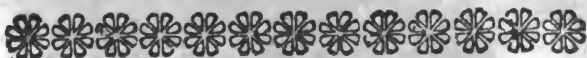
If the Oſtler hath been Knaviſh or Negligent, do not let him hold your Maſter's Horſe. Obſerve the ſame Rule at a Gentleman's Houſe; if the Groom hath not taken Care of your Horſes, do not let him hold your Maſter's.

Enquire at every Inn where you stay, what is the best Inn in the next Town where you are to come to; yet do not rely on that, but likewise as you enter into any Town to stay, ask the People which is the best Inn, and go to that which most People commend.

See that your Master's Boots be dried and well liquored over Night.



ODE



ODE to the Athenian Society.

Moor-Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

AS when the Deluge first began to fall,
 That mighty Ebb never to flow again,
 (When this huge Body's Moisture was so great,
 It quite o'ercame the vital Heat)
 That Mountain which was highest first of all
 Appear'd, above the universal Main,
 To bless the primitive Sailor's weary Sight,
 And 'twas perhaps *Parnassus*, if in Height
 It be as great as 'tis in Fame,
 And nigh to Heaven as is its Name :
 So after th' Inundation of a War,
 When Learning's little Household did em-
 bark
 With her World's fruitful System in her sacred
 Ark,
 At the First Ebb of Noise and Fears,
Philosophy's exalted Head appears :
 And the Dove-Muse will now no longer stay,
 But plumes her silver Wings, and flies away ;
 And

And now a Laurel Wreath she brings
 from far,
 To crown the happy Conqueror,
 To shew the Flood begins to cease,
 And brings the dear Reward of Victory and
 Peace.

II.

The eager Muse took Wing upon the Waves
 decline,
 When War her cloudy Aspect just withdrew,
 When the bright Sun of Peace began to
 shine,
 And for a while in heav'nly Contemplation sat
 On the high Top of peaceful *Ararat*;
 And pluck'd a Laurel Branch (for Laurel was
 the first that grew,
 The first of Plants after the Thunder, Storm,
 and Rain)
 And thence with joyful, nimble Wing,
 Flew dutifully back again,
 And made an humble * Chaplet for the King,
 And the Dove-Muse is fled once more
 (Glad of the Victory, yet frighted at the War)
 And now discovers from afar
 A peaceful and a flourishing Shore :
 No sooner did she land
 On the delightful Strand,

Than

* *The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland.*

Than strait she sees the Country all around,
 Where fatal *Neptune* rul'd erewhile,
 Scatter'd with flow'ry Vales, with fruitful
 Gardens crown'd,
 And many a pleasant Wood ;
 As if the universal *Nile*,
 Had rather water'd it than drown'd :
 It seems some floating piece of Paradise,
 Preserv'd by wonder from the Flood,
 Long wand'ring thro' the Deep, as we are
 told

Fam'd *Delos* did of old,
 And the transported Muse imagin'd it
 To be a fitter Birth-place for the God of Wit,
 Or the much-talk'd Oracular Grove ;
 When with amazing Joy she hears
 An unknown Musick all around,
 Charming her greedy Ears
 With many a heavenly Song
 Of Nature and of Art, of deep Philosophy and
 Love,
 Whilst Angels tune the Voice, and God inspires
 the Tongue.

In vain she catches at the empty Sound,
 In vain pursues the Musick with her longing
 Eye,
 And courts the wanton Echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great Unknown, and far-exalted
 Men,
 The wild Excursions of a youthful Pen ;
 For-

178 *ODE to the Athenian Society.*

Forgive a young, and (almost) Virgin-Muse,
Whom blind and eager Curiosity
(Yet Curiosity they say,
Is in her Sex a Crime needs no Excuse)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth Way
After a mighty Light that leads her wand'ring
Eye:

No wonder then she quits the narrow Path of
Sense

For a dear Ramble thro' Impertinence;
Impertinence, the Scurvy of Mankind.
And all we Fools, who are the greater Part
of it,

Tho' we be of two different Factions still,
Both the Good-natur'd and the Ill,
Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always
find

We join like Flies, and Wasps, in buzzing
about Wit.

In me, who am of the first Sect of these,
All Merit that transcends the humble
Rules

Of my own dazzled scanty Sense,
Begets a kinder Folly and Impertinence
Of Admiration and of Praise.

And our good Brethren of the Surly Sect
Must e'en all herd us with their Kindred
Fools:

For tho' possess'd of present Vogue they've
made

Railing a Rule of Wit, and Obloquy a Trade;
Yet

Yet the same Want of Brains produces each
Effect :

And you whom *Pluto's* Helm does wisely
shroud

From us the blind and thoughtless Croud,
Like the fam'd Hero in his Mother's Cloud,
Who both our Follies and Impertinencies see,
Do laugh at perhaps at theirs, and pity mine
and me.

IV.

But Censure's to be understood
Th' authentick Mark of the Elect,
The publick Stamp Heav'n sets on all that's
Great and Good ;

Our shallow Search and Judgment to direct.
The War methinks has made

Our Wit and Learning narrow as our Trade ;
Instead of boldly sailing far to buy
A Stock of Wisdom and Philosophy,

We fondly stay at Home in fear
Of ev'ry censuring Privateer ;
Forcing a wretched Trade by beating down the
Sale,

And selling basely by Retail.

The Wits, I mean the Atheists of the Age,
Who fain would rule the Pulpit, as they do
the Stage ;

Wond'rous Refiners of Philosophy,
Of Morals and Divinity,

By

180 *ODE to the Athenian Society.*

By the new Modish System of reducing all to
Sense,
Against all Logick and concluding Laws,
Do own th' Effects of Providence,
And yet deny the Cause.

V.

This hopeful Sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little do prevail
Their first and chiefest Force,
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing What, or Where, or Who
you be,
Will quickly take another Course :
And by their never-failing Ways
Of solving all Appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient Me-
thods fall,
And straight deny you to be Men, or any thing
at all.
I laugh at the grave Answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general and
cheap :
'Tis but to say, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond Mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wond'rous Wit,
And think, alas, to be by Mortals writ,
Is but a Croud of Atoms jostling in a Heap,
Which from eternal Seeds begun,
Jostling some thousand Years till ripen'd by the
Sun ;
They're

They're now, just now, as naturally born,
As from the Womb of Earth a Field of
Corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my Weakness and my Ignorance
confess,

That I believe in much, I ne'er can hope to see ;
Methinks I'm satisfy'd to guess

That this new, noble and delightful Scene
Is wonderfully moved by some exalted Men,

Who have well studied in the World's
Disease,

(That Epidemick Error and Depravity,
Or in our Judgment or our Eye)

That what surprizes us can only please :
We often search contentedly the whole World
round,

To make some new Discovery,
And scorn it when 'tis found.

Just so the mighty *Nile* has suffer'd in its Fame,
Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)

We've found a little inconsiderable Head

That feeds the huge unequal Stream.

Consider Human Folly, and you'll quickly own,

That all the Praises it can give,
By which some fondly boast they shall for ever
live,

Won't pay th' Impertinence of being
known ;

182 ODE to the Athenian Society.

Else why shou'd the fam'd *Lydian King*,
Whom all the Charms of an usurped Wife and
State,
With all that Power unselt, courts Mankind to
be Great,
Did with new unexperienc'd Glories wait,
Still wear, still doat on his invisible Ring ?

VII.

Were I to form a regular Thought of
Fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
As to paint *Echo* to the Sight ;
I would not draw th' Idea from an empty Name:
Because, alas, when we all die,
Careless and ignorant Posterity,
Altho' they praise the Learning, and the
Wit,
And tho' the Title seems to show
The Name and Man by whom the Book
was writ,
Yet how shall they be brought to know
Whether that very Name was He, or You,
or I ?
Less should I daub it o'er with transitory
Praise,
And Water-Colours of these Days.
These Days ; where e'en th' Extravagance of
Poetry
Is at a Loss for Figures to express
Men's Folly, Whimsies, and Inconstancy,
And by a faint Description make them less.
Then

Then tell us what is Fame, where shall we
search for it ?

Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit
Enthron'd with Heav'nly Wit,

Look where you see
The greatest Scorn of Learned Vanity,
(And then how much a Nothing is Man-
kind !

Whose Reason is weigh'd down by popular
Air,

Who by that, vainly talks of baffling Death;
And hopes to lengthen Life by a Transfusion
of Breath,

Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an Art as vain as bottling up of
Wind !)

And when you find out these, believe true Fame
is there,

Far above all Reward, yet to which all is
due ;

And this, ye great Unknown, is only known
in you.

VIII.

The juggling Sea-God, when by Chance
trepan'd

By some instructed Querist sleeping on the Sand,
Impatient of all Answers, strait became

A stealing Brook, and strove to creep away
Into his native Sea,

Vext at their Follies, murmur'd in his
Stream ;

R 2

But

384 ODE to the Athenian Society.

But disappointed of his fond Desire,
 Would vanish in a Pyramid of Fire.
 This furly, slipp'ry God, when he design'd
 To furnish his Escapes,
 Ne'er borrow'd more variety of Shapes
 Than you to please and satisfy Mankind,
 And seem (almost) transform'd to Water, Flame,
 and Air,
 So well you answer all Phenomena's
 there :
 Tho' Madmen and the Wits, Philosophers and
 Fools,
 With all that factious, or enthusiastick Dotards
 dream,
 And all the incoherent Jargon of the Schools ;
 Tho' all the Fumes of Fear, Hope, Love,
 and Shame,
 Contrive to shock your Minds with many a
 senseless Doubt ;
 Doubts where the *Delphick* God would grope
 in Ignorance and Night,
 The God of Learning and of Light,
 Would want a * God himself to help him
 out.

IX.

* Θεός ἀπὸ μίχανης.

IX.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful
Taste
Of Doubts, Impertinence, and Niceties,
From every Age thro' which it pass'd.
But always with a stronger Relish of the last.
This beauteous Queen, by Heav'n design'd
To be the great Original
For Man to dress and polish his uncourtly
Mind,
In what Mock Habits have they put her since
the Fall!
More oft in Fools and Madmens Hands
than Sages,
She seems a Medley of all Ages,
With a huge Fardingal to swell her fustian Stuff,
A new Commode, a Top-knot and a Ruff,
Her Face patch'd o'er with modern Pe-
dantry,
With a long sweeping Train
Of Comments and Disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old Cut with a new Die:
How soon have you restor'd her Charms
And rid her of her Lumber and her Books,
Drest her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great,
How fond we are to court her to our Arms!
How much of Heav'n is in her naked
Looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muse oft blinds me to her
Ways,

And ev'n my very Thoughts transfers
And changes all to Beauty, and the Praise
Of that proud Tyrant Sex of Hers.

The Rebel Muse alas, takes part
But with my own rebellious Heart,
And you with fatal and immortal Wit conspire
To fan th' unhappy Fire.

Cruel Unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah could you, could you hope a Poet for your
Friend!

Rather forgive what my first Transport
said:

May all the Blood, which shall by Woman's
Scorn be shed,

Lie upon you, and on your Childrens
Head:

For you (Ah, did I think I e'er should live to
see

The fatal Time when that could be!)

Have e'en increas'd their Pride and Cruelty.

Woman seems now above all Vanity
grown,

Still boasting of her great Unknown

Platonick Champions, gain'd without one fe-
male Wile,

Or the vast Charges of a Smile;

Which

Which 'tis a Shame how much of late
You've taught the cov'tous Wretches to
o'er-rate,
And which they've now the Conscience to weigh
In the same Balance with our Tears,
And with such scanty Wages pay
The Bondage and Slavery of Years.
Let the vain Sex dream on, their Empire comes
from us,
And had they common Generosity
They would not use us thus.
Well— — tho' you've rais'd her to this high
Degree,
Ourselves are rais'd as well as she ;
And spite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis Pride and Happiness enough to me
Still to be of the same exalted Sex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting, and how vain,
Is even the nobler Man, our Learning and our
Wit !
I sigh when'er I think of it :
As at the closing of an unhappy Scene
Of some great King and Conqueror's
Death,
When the sad Melancholy Muse
Stays but to catch his utmost Breath.
I grieve, this noble Work most happily begun,
So quickly and so wonderfully carried on,
May fall at last to Interest, Folly and Abuse.

There

There is a Noon-Tide in our Lives,
 Which still the sooner it arrives,
 Altho' we boast our Winter-Sun looks
 bright,
 And foolishly are glad to see it at its Height,
 Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy
 Night.

No Conquest ever yet begun,
 And by one mighty Hero carried to its Height,
 E'er flourish'd under a Successor or a Son;
 It lost some mighty Pieces thro' all Hands it
 past,
 And vanish'd to an empty Title in the last.
 For when the animating Mind is fled,
 (Which Nature never can retain
 Nor e'er call back again)
 The Body, tho' Gigantick, lies all cold and
 dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
 With what unhappy Men shall dare
 To be Successors to these Great Unknown,
 On Learning's high-establish'd Throne.
 Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
 Numberless Nations, stretching far and wide,
 Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothick Swarms
 come forth
 From Ignorance's universal North,
 And with blind Rage break all this peaceful
 Government:
 Yet shall these Traces of your Wit remain,
 Like a just Map to tell the vast Extent

Of

Of Conquest in your short and happy
Reign;

And to all future Mankind shew

How strange a Paradox is true,

That Men, who liv'd and dy'd without a
Name,

Are the chief Heroes in the sacred List of
Fame,



ODE

O D E

To the Hon^{ble} Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moorpark, June 1689.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all Monarchies,
 Till its first Emperor rebellious Man
 Depos'd from off his Seat
 It fell, and broke with its own Weight
 Into small States and Principalities,
 By many a petty Lord possess'd,
 But ne'er since seated in one single Breast.
 'Tis you who must this Land subdue,
 The mighty Conquest's left for you,
 The Conquest and Discovery too :
 Search out this *Utopian* Ground,
 Virtue's *Terra Incognita*,
 Where none ever led the Way,
 Nor ever since but in Descriptions found,
 Like the Philosopher's Stone,
 With Rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

II. We

II.

We have too long been led astray,
 Too long have our misguided Souls been taught
 With Rules from musty Morals brought,
 'Tis you must put us in the Way ;
 Let us (for shame) no more be fed
 With antique Reliques of the Dead,
 The Gleanings of Philosophy,
 Philosophy ! the Lumber of the Schools,
 The Roguery of Alchymy,
 And we the bubbled Fools
 Spend all our present Stock in hopes of golden
 Rules.

III.

But what does our proud Ign'rance Learning
 call
 We oddly *Plato's* Paradox make good,
 Our Knowledge is but meer Remembrance all,
 Remembrance is our Treasure and our Food ;
 Nature's fair Table-book our tender Souls
 We scrawl all o'er with old and empty Rules,
 Stale Memorandums of the Schools ;
 For Learning's mighty Treasures look
 In that deep Grave a Book,
 Think she there does all her Treasures hide,
 And that her troubled Ghost still haunts there
 since she dy'd ;
 Confine her Walks to Colleges and Schools,
 Her Priests, her Train and Followers show
 As if they all were Spectres too,

They

They purchase Knowledge at the Expence
 Of common Breeding, common Sense,
 And at once grow Scholars and Fools ;
 Affect ill-manner'd Pedantry,
 Rudeness, Ill-nature, Incivility,
 And sick with Dregs of Knowledge grown,
 Which greedily they swallow down,
 Still cast it up and nauseate Company.

IV.

Curst be the Wretch, nay doubly curst,
 (If it may lawful be
 To curse our greatest Enemy)
 Who learnt himself that Heresy first
 (Which since has seiz'd on all the rest)
 That Knowledge forfeits all Humanity ;
 Taught us, like *Spaniards*, to be proud and poor,
 And fling our Scraps before our Door.
 Thrice happy you have 'scap't this gen'ral Pest ;
 Those mighty Epithets, Learn'd, Good, and
 Great,
 Which we ne'er join'd before, but in Romances
 meet,
 We find in you at last united grown.
 You cannot be compar'd to one,
 I must, like him that painted *Venus*' Face,
 Borrow from every one a Grace ;
Virgil and *Epicurus* will not do,
 Their courting a Retreat like you,
 Unless I put in *Cæsar*'s Learning too,
 Your happy Frame at once controuls
 This great Triumvirate of Souls.

V. Let

V.

Let not old *Rome* boast *Fabius's* Fate,
 He sav'd his Country by Delays,
 But you by Peace,
 You bought it at a cheaper Rate ;
 Nor has it left the usual bloody Scar,
 To shew it costs its Price in War,
 War ! that mad Game, the World so loves to
 play,
 And for it does so dearly pay ;
 For though with Loss or Victory awhile
 Fortune the Gamesters does beguile,
 Yet at the last the Box sweeps all away.

VI.

Only the Laurel got by Peace
 No 'Thunder e'er can blast,
 Th' Artillery of the Skies
 Shoots to the Earth and dies ;
 For ever green and flourishing 'twill last,
 Nor dipt in Blood, nor Widows Tears, nor
 Orphans Cries ;
 About the Head crown'd with these Bays,
 Like lambent Fire the Lightning plays ;
 Nor its triumphal Cavalcade to grace
 Make up its solemn Train with Death ;
 It melts the Sword of War, yet keeps it in the
 Sheath.

VII.

The wily Shifts of State, those Juggler's Tricks
 Which we call deep Design and Politicks,
 VOL. XIII. S (As

(As in a Theatre the Ignorant Fry,
 Because the Cords escape their Eye,
 Wonder to see the Motions fly)
 Methinks, when you expose the Scene,
 Down the ill-organ'd Engines fall ;
 Off fly the Vizards and discover all,
 How plain I see thro' the Deceit !
 How shallow ! and how gross the Cheat !
 Look where the Pully's ty'd above !
 Great God ! (said I) what have I seen !
 On what poor Engines move
 The Thoughts of Monarchs, and Designs of
 States,
 What petty Motives rule their Fates !
 How the Mouſe makes the mighty Mountain
 shake !
 The mighty Mountain labours with its Birth,
 Away the frightened Peasants fly,
 Scar'd at th' unheard-of Prodigy,
 Expect some great gigantick Son of Earth ;
 Lo, it appears !
 See, how they tremble ! how they quake !
 Out starts the little Beast, and mocks their idle
 Fears.

VIII.

Then tell (dear fav'rite Muse)
 What Serpent's that which still resorts,
 Still lurks in Palaces and Courts,
 Take thy unwonted Flight,
 And on the Terras light,
 See where she lies !
 She how she rears her Head,

And

And rolls about her dreadful Eyes,
 To drive all Virtue out, or look it dead!
 'Twas sure this Basilisk sent *Temple* thence,
 And tho' as some ('tis said) for their Defence
 Have worn a Casement o'er their Skin,
 So he wore his within,
 Made up of Virtue and transparent Innocence:
 And tho' he oft renew'd the Fight,
 And almost got Priority of Sight,
 He ne'er could overcome her quite,
 (In pieces cut, the Viper still did reunite)
 Till at last tir'd with loss of Time and Ease,
 Resolv'd to give himself, as well as Country
 Peace.

IX.

Sing (belov'd Muse) the Pleasures of Retreat,
 And in some untouch'd Virgin Strain
 Shew the Delights thy Sister Nature yields;
 Sing of thy Vales, sing of thy Woods, sing of
 thy Fields;
 Go publish o'er the Plain
 How mighty a Profelyte you gain!
 How noble a Reprisal on the Great!
 How is the Muse luxuriant grown,
 Whene'er she takes this Flight
 She soars clear out of Sight,
 These are the Paradises of her own;
 (The Pegasus, like an unruly Horse,
 Tho' ne'er so gently led
 To the lov'd Pasture where he us'd to feed,
 Runs violently o'er his usual Course.)

Wake from thy wanton Dreams,
 Come from thy dear-lov'd Streams,
 The crooked Paths of wandering *Thames*.
 Fain the fair Nymph would stay,
 Oft she looks back in vain,
 Oft 'gainst her Fountain does complain.
 And softly steals in many Windings down,
 As loth to see the hated Court and Town,
 And murmurs as she glides away.

X.

In this new happy Scene
 Are nobler Subjects for your learned Pen;
 Here we expect from you
 More than your Predecessor, *Adam*, knew;
 Whatever moves our Wonder or our Sport,
 Whatever serves for innocent Emblems of the
 Court;

(How that which we a Kernel see,
 Whose well-compacted Forms escape the Light,
 Unpierc'd by the blunt Rays of Sight)
 Shall ere long grow into a Tree,
 Whence takes it its Increase, and whence its
 Birth,

Or from the Sun, or from the Air, or from
 the Earth,

Where all the fruitful Atoms lye,
 How some go downward to the Root,
 Some more ambitiously upwards fly,
 And form the Leaves, the Branches, and the
 Fruit.

You strove to cultivate a barren Court in vain,
 Your Garden's better worth your noble Pain,
 Here Mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI. Shall

XI.

Shall I believe a Spirit so divine
 Was cast in the same Mold with mine ?
 Why then does Nature so unjustly share
 Among her Elder Sons the whole Estate ?
 And all her Jewels and her Plate,
 Poor we *Cadets* of Heav'n, not worth her Care,
 Take up at best with Lumber and the Leav-
 ings of a Fate :
 Some she binds 'Prentice to the Spade,
 Some to the Drudgery of a Trade,
 Some she does to *Egyptian* Bondage draw,
 Bids us make Bricks, yet sends us to look out
 for Straw ;
 Some she condemns for Life to try
 To dig the leaden Mines of deep Philosophy :
 Me she has to the Muse's Gallies ty'd,
 In vain I strive to cross this spacious Main,
 In vain I tug and pull the Oar,
 And when I almost reach the Shore,
 Straight the Muse turns the Helm, and I launch
 out again ;
 And yet to feed my Pride,
 Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining Breath,
 With Promise of a mad Reversion after Death.

XII.

Then (Sir,) accept this worthless Verse,
 The Tribute of an humble Muse,
 'Tis all the Portion of my niggard Stars ;
 Nature the hidden Spark did at my Birth infuse,

198 *On DAN JACKSON's Picture.*

And kindled first with Indolence and Ease,
 And since too oft debauch'd by Praise,
 'Tis now grown an incurable Disease:
 In vain to quench this foolish Fire I try
 In Wisdom and Philosophy;
 In vain all wholesome Herbs I sow,
 Where nought but Weeds will grow.
 Whate'er I plant (like Corn on barren Earth)
 By an equivocal Birth
 Seeds and runs up to Poetry.

On DAN JACKSON's Picture cut in Paper.

TO fair Lady *Betty*, *Dan* sat for his Picture,
 And defy'd her to draw him so oft as he
 piqu'd her.

He knew she'd no Pencil or Colouring by her,
 And therefore he thought he might safely defy
 her.

Come sit, says my Lady, then whips up her
 Scissar,
 And cut out his Coxcomb in Silk in a Trice,
 Sir.

Dan sat with Attention, and saw with Surprise
 How she lengthen'd his Chin, how she hollow'd
 his Eyes,

But

On DAN JACKSON's Picture. • 199

But flatter'd himself with a secret Conceit,
That his thin leathern Jaws all her Art would
defeat.

Lady *Betty* observ'd it, then pulls out a Pin,
And varies the Grain of the Stuff to his Grin;
And to make roasted Silk to resemble his raw-
bone,

She rais'd up a Thread to the jett of his Jaw-
bone;

Till at length in exactest Proportion he rose,
From the Crown of his Head to the Arch of his
Nose.

And if Lady *Betty* had drawn him with Wig
and all,

'Tis certain the Copy had out-done the Ori-
ginal.

Well, that's but my Outside, says *Dan* with
a Vapour.

Say you so? says my Lady; I've lin'd it with
Paper.

P—D—Sculpsit.

Another.

CLARISSA draws her Scissars from the
Case,

To draw the Lines of poor *D---n J---n's* Face.

One

200 • *On DAN JACKSON's Picture.*

One sloping Cut made Forehead, Nose, and
 Chin,
 A Nick produc'd a Mouth and made him grin,
 Such as in Taylor's Measure you have seen.
 But still were wanting his Grimalkin Eyes,
 For which grey Worsted-Stocking Paint supplies.
 Th' unravell'd Thread thro' Needle's Eye convey'd,
 Transferr'd itself into his past-board Head.
 How came the Scissars to be thus out-done?
 The Needle had an Eye, and they had none.
 O wondrous Force of Art! now look at *Dan*---
 You'd swear the Past-board was the better Man.
 The Dev'l, says he, the Head is not so full---
 Indeed it is, behold the Paper Skull.

THO. S——D Sculp.

Another.

DAN's evil Genius in a Trice
 Had strip'd him of his Coin at Dice;
Chloe observing this Disgrace,
 On *Pam* cut out his rueful Face.
 By G---, says *Dan*, 'tis very hard,
 Cut out at Dice, cut out at Card!

G. R——D Sculp.

On

On the foregoing Picture.

WHILST you three merry Poets traffick
To give us a Description graphick
Of *Dan's* large Nose, in modern Saphick,

I spend my Time in making Sermons,
Or writing Libels on the G---s,
Or murmuring at Whigs Preferments.

But when I would find Rhime for *Rochfort*,
And look in *English*, *French*, and *Scotch* for't,
At last I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.

Bid Lady *Betty* recollect her,
And tell who was it cou'd direct her
To draw the Face of such a Spectre.

I must confess, that as to me, Sirs,
Tho' I ne'er saw her hold the Scissars,
I now could safely swear it is hers.

'Tis true, no Nose could come in better,
'Tis a vast Subject stuff'd with Matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take

Take Courage, *Dan*, this plainly shows
That not the wisest Mortal knows
What Fortune may befall his Nose.

Shew me the brightest *Irish* Toast,
Who from her Lover e'er could boast
Above a Song or two at most :

For thee three Poets now are drudging all,
To praise the Cheeks, Chin, Nose, the Bridge
and all,
Both of the Picture and Original.

Thy Nose's Length and Fame extend
So far, dear *Dan*, that ev'ry Friend
Tries who shall have it by the End,

And future Poets, as they rise,
Shall read with Envy and Surprise,
Thy Nose outshining *Galila's* Eyes.

SWIFT.

D——N

D——N J——N's *Answer.*

*My Verse little better you'll find than my Face is,
A Word to the Wise, ut pictura poesis.*

THREE merry Lads with Envy stung,
Because *Dan's* Face is better hung,
Combin'd in Verse to rhyme it down,
And in its Place set up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By Number of their Feet in Metre,
Or that its Red did cause their Spite,
Which made them draw in Black and White.
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspir'd, by what they drew.
Let then such Criticks know, my Face
Gives them their Comeliness and Grace:
Whilst every Line of Face does bring,
A Line of Grace to what they sing.
But yet methinks, tho' with Disgrace
Both to the Picture and the Face,
I shou'd name the Men who do rehearse
The Story of the Picture-Farce;
The 'Squire in *French* as hard as Stone,
Or strong as Rock, that's all as one,
On Face on Cards, is very brisk, Sirs,
Because on them you play at Whisk, Sirs.

But

But much I wonder why my Crany
 Shou'd envy'd be by *Deel-any*;
 And yet much more, that half *Name-fake*
 Shou'd join a Party in the Freak.
 For sure I am it was not safe
 Thus to abuse his better Half,
 As I shall prove you *Dan* to be,
 Divisim and conjunctively.
 For if *Dan* love not *Sherry*, can
Sherry be any thing to *Dan*?
 This is the Case, whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of *Sherry*;
 Or shou'd *Dan* be by *Sherry* o'ertane,
 Then *Dan* would be poor *Sherridane*;
 'Tis hard then he shou'd be decry'd
 By *Dan* with *Sherry* by his Side.
 But if the Case must be so hard,
 That Faces suffer by a Card,
 Let Criticks censure, what care I?
 Backbiters only we defy,
 Faces are free from Injury.

}

Answer

*Answer to D——N J——N, by
Mr. G——GE R——RT.*

YOU say your Face is better hung
Than ours--By what? by Nose or Tongue?
In not explaining you were wrong

to us, Sir.

Because we thus must state the Case,
That you have got a hanging Face,
Th' untimely End's a damn'd Disgrace
of Noose, Sir.

But yet be not cast down, I see
A Weaver will your Hangman be,
You'll only hang in Tapestry
with many.

And then the Ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your Longitude of Nose,
For latent Charms within your Cloaths,
dear *Danny*.

Thus will the Fair of every Age,
From all Parts make their Pilgrimage,
Worship thy Nose with pious Rage
of Love, Sir.

All their Religion will be spent
About thy woven Monument,
And not one Orison be sent

to *Jove*, Sir.

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T

You

You the fam'd Idol will become,
 As Gardens grac'd in ancient *Rome*,
 By Matrons' worship'd in the Gloom
 of Night.

O happy *Dan*! thrice happy sure!
 Thy Fame for ever shall endure,
 Who after Death can Love secure
 at Sight.

So far I thought it was my Duty
 To dwell upon thy boasted Beauty;
 Now I'll proceed a Word or two t'ye,
 in Answer

To that Part where you carry on
 This Paradox, that Rock and Stone,
 In your Opinion are all one.
 How can, Sir,

A Man of Reas'ning so profound,
 So stupidly be run aground,
 As things so different to confound
 t' our Senses?

Except you judg'd 'em by the Knock
 Of near an equal hardy Block,
 Such an experimenal Stroak
 convinces.

Then might you be, by Dint of Reason,
 A proper Judge on this Occasion;
 'Gainst Feeling there's no Disputation,
 is granted.

Therefore to thy superior Wit,
 Who made the Trial, we submit,
 Thy Head to prove the Truth of it
 we wanted.
 In

In one Assertion you're to blame,
Where *Dan* and *Sherry's* made the same,
Endeavouring to have your Name

refin'd, Sir,

You'll see most grossly you mistook,
If you consult your Spelling-Book,
(The better Half you say you took)

you'll find, Sir,

S, H, E, *She*---and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*,
D, A, N, *Dan*---makes up the three

Syllables.

Dan is but one, and *Sherri* two,
Then, Sir, your Choice will never do,
Therefore I've turn'd, my Friend, on you,
the Tables.



Answer by Dr. D—NY.

ASSIST me, my Muse, whilst I labour
to limn him

Credite Pisones isti tabulae persimilem.

You look and you write with so different a
Grace,

That I envy your Verse, tho' I didn't your Face.

And to him that thinks rightly, there's Reason
enough,

'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.

But much I'm amaz'd you shou'd think my
Design

Was to rhyme down your Nose, or your
Harlequin Grin,

Which you yourself wonder the Deel shou'd
malign.

And if 'tis so strange that your Mönstership's
Crany

Shou'd be envy'd by him, much less by *Delany*.

Tho' I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the Painter, altho' not the Picture.

And justly she's envy'd, since a Fiend of Hell

Was never drawn right but by Her and
Raphell.

Next, as to the Charge which you tell us is
true,

That we were inspir'd by the Subject we drew.

Inspired

Inspired we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your Nose, but the Fair-one that
drew it :

Had your Nose been the Muse, we had ne'er
been inspir'd,

Tho' perhaps it might justly've been said we
were fir'd.

As to the Division of Words in your Staves,
Like my Country-man's Horn-comb, into three
Halves,

I meddle not with't, but presume to make
merry,

You called *Dan* one half, and t'other half
Sherry :

Now if *Dan's* a half, as you call 't o'er and
o'er,

Then it can't be deny'd that *Sherry's* two
more.

For pray give me leave to say, Sir, for all you,
That *Sherry's* at least of double the Value.

But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the
Verse,

So Crouds in a Concert (like Actors in Farce)
Play two Parts in one, when Scrapers are
scarce. }

But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon,
Sir,

When *Sheridan* sends to *Merrydan* Answer.

Answer by Dr. S——N.

THREE merry Lads you own we are ;
 'Tis very true, and free from Care,
 But envious we cannot bear,
believe, Sir.
 For were all Forms of Beauty thine,
 Were you like *Nireus*, soft and fine,
 We should not in the least repine,
or grieve, Sir.
 Then know from us, most beauteous *Dan*,
 That Roughness best becomes a Man ;
 'Tis Women should be pale and wan,
and taper.
 And all your trifling Beaux and Fops,
 Who comb their Brows and sleek their Chops,
 Are but the Offspring of Toy-shops,
meer Vapour.
 We know your Morning Hours you pass,
 To cull and gather out a Face ;
 Is this the Way you take your Glass ?
forbear it.
 Those Loads of Paint upon your Toilet,
 Will never mend your Face, but spoil it,
 It looks as if you did par-boil it.
Drink Claret.

Your

DAN JACKSON'S *Reply*.

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Your Cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
That they're like *Cynthia* in the Wain,
Or Breast of Goose when 'tis pick'd clean,
or Pullet.

See what by Drinking you have done,
You've made your Phiz a Skeleton,
From the long Distance of your Crown,
t'your Gullet!

DAN JACKSON'S *Reply*.

Written by the Dean in the Name of DAN J--N.

WEaried with saying Grace and Pray'r,
I hasten'd down to Country Air,
To read your Answer, and prepare
Reply to't.

But your fair Lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
I much suspect you mean the latter,
ah Sly-boot!

It

It must be so; what else, alas,
 Can mean my culling of a Face,
 And all that stuff of Toilet, Glass,
and Box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
 That you're a Dawb, whilst I but paint;
 Then which of us two is the quaint-
er Coxcomb?

I value not your Jokes of Noose,
 Your Gibes and all your foul Abuse,
 More than the Dirt beneath my Shoes,
nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
 Thou sorry Scare-crow of Skin and Bone,
 To be call'd lean by a Skeleton,
who'd bear it?

'Tis true indeed, to curry Friends,
 You seem to praise to make amends,
 And yet before your Stanza ends
you flout me

'Bout latent Charms beneath my Cloaths;
 For every one that knows me, knows
 That I have nothing like my Nose
about me.

I pass now where you flee and laugh
 'Cause I call *Dan* my better half,
 Oh, there you think you have me safe!
but hold, Sir,

Is not a Penny often found
 To be much greater than a Pound?
 By your good Leave, my most profound
and bold Sir.

Dan's

Dan's noble Mettle, *Sherry* base ;
 So *Dan's* the better, tho' the less,
 An Ounce of Gold's worth ten of Brass,
 dull Pedant.

As to your Spelling, let me see,
 If SHE makes *sher*, and RI makes *ry*
 Good Spelling; Master, your Crany
 has Lead on't.

*Another Reply by the Dean in DAN JACKSON'S
 Name.*

THREE Days for Answer I have waited,
 I thought an Ace you'd ne'er have bated,
 And art thou forc'd to yield, ill fated
 Poetaster ?

Henceforth acknowledge, that a Nose
 Of thy Dimension's fit for Prose,
 But ev'ry one that knows *Dan*, knows
 thy Master.

Blush for Ill-spelling, for Ill-lines,
 And fly with Hurry to *Ramines* ;
 Thy Fame, thy Genius now declines,
 proud Boaster.

I hear with some Concern you roar,
 And flying think to quit the Score,
 By clapping Billets on your Door
 and Posts, Sir.

Thy

Thy Ruin, *Tom*, I never meant,
 I'm griev'd to hear your Banishment,
 But pleas'd to find you do relent

and cry on.

I maul'd you when you look'd so bluff,
 But now I'll secret keep your Stuff;
 For know, Prostration is enough

to th' Lion.

SHERIDAN's Submission. Written by the Dean.

*Cedo jam, misera cognoscens præmia rixæ,
 Si risca est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.*

Poor *Sherry*, inglorious,
 To *Dan* the victorious,
 Presents, as 'tis fitting,
 Petition and Greeting.

TO you victorious and brave,
 Your now subdu'd and suppliant Slave
 Most humbly sues for Pardon.
 Who when I fought still cut me down,
 And when I, vanquish'd, fled the Town,
 Pursu'd and laid me hard on.

Now

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry Pectavi,
And prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie*,
Your Mercy I rely on.
For you, my Conqu'ror and my King,
In pard'ning, as in punishing,
Will shew yourself a Lion.

Alas, Sir, I had no Design,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For Spite I ne'er had any.
'Twas the damn'd 'Squire with the hard Name,
The De'el too that ow'd me a Shame,
The Devil and *Delany*;

They tempted me t'attack your Highness,
And then, with wonted Wile and Slyness,
They left me in the Lurch.
Unhappy Wretch! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my Spleen
But Ferula and Birch;

And they, alas, yield small Relief,
Seem rather to renew my Grief,
My Wounds bleed all anew:
For ev'ry Stroke goes to my Heart,
And at each Lash I feel the Smart
Of Lash laid on by you.

TOM

TOM MULLINEX *and* DICK.

TOM and *Dick* had equal Fame,
 And both had equal Knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his Name,
 But *Dick* had seen College.

Dick a Coxcomb, *Tom* was mad,
 And both alike diverting,
Tom was held the merrier Lad,
 But *Dick* the best at f---ting.

Dick would cock his Nose in Scorn,
 But *Tom* was kind and loving;
Tom a Foot-boy bred and born,
 But *Dick* was from an Oven.

Dick could neatly dance a Jig,
 But *Tom* was best at Borees;
Tom would pray for ev'ry Whig,
 And *Dick* curse all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful Noise,
 And scold at an Election;
Tom huzza'd the black-guard Boys,
 And held them in Subjection.

Tom

Tom could move with lordly Grace,
Dick nimbly skip the Gutter ;
Tom could talk with solemn Face,
 But *Dick* could better sputter.

Dick was come to high Renown
 Since he commenc'd Phylician ;
Tom was held by all the Town
 The deeper Politician.

Tom had the genteeler Swing,
 His Hat could nicely put on ;
Dick knew better how to swing
 His Cane upon a Button.

Dick for Repartee was fit,
 And *Tom* for deep discerning ;
Dick was thought the brighter Wit,
 But *Tom* had better Learning.

Dick with zealous No's and Ay's,
 Could roar as loud as *Stentor*,
 In the House 'tis all he says ;
 But *Tom* is eloquenter.

DICK, A Maggot.

AS when from rooting in a Bin,
 All powder'd o'er from Tail to Chin,
 A lively Maggot sallies out,
 You know him by his hazel Snout :
 So, when the Grandson of his Grandfire,
 Forth issues wriggling *Dick Drawcanfir*,
 With powder'd Rump, and Back and Side,
 You cannot blanch his tawny Hide ;
 For 'tis beyond the Pow'r of Meal,
 The Gipsy Visage to conceal :
 For, as he shakes his Wainscot Chops,
 Down ev'ry mealy Atom drops,
 And leaves the Tartar Phiz, in show
 Like a fresh T—d just drop'd on Snow.



Clad

Clad all in Brown.

Imitated from COWLEY.

To DICK.

FOULEST Brute that stinks below,
 Why in this Brown dost thou appear?
 For, would'st thou make a fouler Shew,
 Thou must go naked all the Year.
 Fresh from the Mud a wallowing Sow
 Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the Coat that looks so dun,
 His Hide emits a Foulness out,
 Not one Jot better looks the Sun
 Seen from behind a dirty Clout:
 So T—ds within a Glass inclose,
 The Glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one Heap of Foulness art,
 All outward and within is foul;
 Condensed Filth in ev'ry Part,
 Thy Body's cloathed like thy Soul.
 Thy Soul, which through thy Hide of Buff,
 Scarce glimmers like a dying Snuff.

Old carted Bawds such Garments wear,
When pelted all with Dirt they shine ;
Such their *exalted* Bodies are,
As shrivell'd and as black as thine.
If thou wer't in a Cart, I fear
Thou would'st be pelted worse than they're.

Yet when we see thee thus array'd,
The Neighbours think it is but just
That thou should'st take an honest Trade,
And weekly carry out the Dust.
Of cleanly Houses who will doubt,
When *Dick* cries, *Dust to carry out ?*



DICK'S *Variety*,

DULL Uniformity in Fools
 I hate, who gape and sneer by Rules.
 You, *Mullinex*, and slobb'ring C—,
 Who ev'ry Day and Hour the same are ;
 That vulgar Talent I despise
 Of pissing in the Rabble's Eyes.
 And when I listen to the Noise,
 Of Ideots roaring to the Boys ;
 To better Judgments still submitting,
 I own I see but little Wit in:
 Such Pastimes, when our Taste is Vice,
 Can please at most but once or twice.

But then, consider *Dick*, you'll find
 His Genius of superior Kind ;
 He never muddles in the Dirt,
 Nor scowrs the Streets without a Shirt ;
 Though *Dick*, I dare presume to say,
 Could do such Feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture ever where,
 Let the Boys pelt him if they dare ;
 He'd have 'em try'd at the Assizes
 For Priests and Jesuits in Disguises ;
 Swear they were with the *Swedes*, at *Bender*,
 And listing Troops for the Pretender.

But *Dick* can f--rt, and dance and frisk,
 No other Monkey half so brisk ;
 Now has the Speaker by the Ears,
 Next Moment in the House of Peers,

Now scolding at my Lady *Euface*,
Or thrashing *Babby* in her new Stays.
Presto be gone ; with t'other Hop
He's powd'ring in a Barber's Shop ;
Now at the Anti-chamber thrusting
His Nose to get the Circle just in,
And damns his Blood that in the Rear
He sees one single Tory there :
Then, wo be to my Lord Lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.



• Upon

*Upon stealing a CROWN when the DEAN
was asleep.*

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, since you in sleepy wise
Have op'd your Mouth, and clos'd your
Eyes,
Like Ghost I glide along your Floor,
And softly shut the Parlour Door ;
For should I break your sweet Repose,
Who knows what Money you might lose ?
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A Dream has giv'n ten thousand Pound.
Then sleep, my Friend, dear Dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own.
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.



The

The DEAN'S Answer.

SO about twelve at Night, the Punk
 Steals from the Cully when he's drunk ;
 Nor is contented with a Treat,
 Without her Privilege to cheat.
 Nor can I the least Difference find,
 But that you left no Clap behind.
 But Jest apart, restore, you Capon ye,
 My twelve Thirtens, and Six-pence ha'penny.
 To eat my Meat, and drink my Medlicot,
 And then to give me such a deadly Cut—
 But 'tis observ'd that Men in Gowns
 Are most inclin'd to plunder *Crowns*.
 Could you but *change* a Crown as easy
 As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye !
 I thought the Lady at St. *Cath'rines*
 Knew how to set you better Patterns ;
 For this I will not dine with *Agmondisham*,
 And for his Victuals let a Ragman dish 'em.
Saturday Night.

Thoughts

Thoughts on various SUBJECTS.

LAWS penned with the utmost Care and Exactness, and in the vulgar Language, are often perverted to wrong Meanings; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so?

Altho' Men are accused for not knowing their Weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own Strength.

A Man seeing a Wasp creeping into a Vial fill'd with Honey, that was hung on a Fruit-Tree, said thus: Why, thou sottish Animal, art thou mad to go into the Vial, where you see many hundred of your Kind there dying in it before you? The Reproach is just, answered the Wasp, but not from you Men, who are so far from taking Example by other People's Follies, that you will not take Warning by your own. If after falling several Times into this Vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you.

An old Miser kept a tame Jack-daw, that used to steal Pieces of Money, and hide them in a Hole; which the Cat observing, asked, Why he would hoard up those round shining Things that he could make no use of? Why, said the Jack-daw, my Master has a whole Chest-full, and makes no more use of them than I.

Men are contented to be laughed at for their Wit, but not for their Folly.

If

If the Men of Wit and Genius would resolve never to complain in their Works of Criticks and Detractors, the next Age would not know that they ever had any.

After all the Maxims and Systems of Trade and Commerce, a Stander-by would think the Affairs of the World were most ridiculously contrived.

There are few Countries, which if well cultivated, would not support double the Number of their Inhabitants, and yet fewer where one Third of the People are not extremely stinted even in the Necessaries of Life. I send out twenty Barrels of Corn, which would maintain a Family in Bread for a Year, and I bring back in return a Vessel of Wine, which half a Dozen good Fellows would drink in less than a Month at the Expence of their Health and Reason.

A Motto for the Jesuits :

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?

A Man would have but few Spectators, if he offered to shew for Three-pence how he could thrust a red-hot Iron into a Barrel of Gunpowder, and it should not take Fire.

Query, Whether Churches are not Dormitories of the Living as well as of the Dead ?

Harry Killegrew said to Lord *Wharton*, "You would not swear at this Rate, if you thought you were doing God Honour."

A Copy of Verses kept in the Cabinet, and only shewn to a few Friends, is like a Virgin, much sought after and admired ; but when printed and published, is like a common Whore, whom

whom any body may purchase for Half a Crown.

Lewis the XIVth of *France* spent his Life in turning a Good Name into a Great.

Since the Union of Divinity and Humanity is the great Article of our Religion, 'tis odd to see some Clergymen, in their Writings of Divinity, wholly devoid of Humanity.

The *Epicureans* began to spread at *Rome* in the Empire of *Augustus*, as the *Socinians*, and even the *Epicureans* too, did in *England*, towards the End of King *Charles* the Second's Reign; which is reckoned, though very absurdly, our *Augustan Age*. They both seem to be Corruptions occasioned by Luxury and Peace, and by Politeness beginning to decline.

Sometimes I read a Book with Pleasure, and detest the Author.

At a Bookseller's Shop, some time ago I saw a Book with this Title; *Poems by the Author of the Choice*. Not enduring to read a dozen Lines, I asked the Company with me, whether they had ever seen the Book, or heard of the Poem from whence the Author denominated himself; they were all as ignorant as I. But I find it common with these small Dealers in Wit and Learning, to give themselves a Title from their first Adventure, as *Don Quixot* usually did from his last. This ariseth from that great Importance which every Man supposeth himself to be of.

One *Dennis*, commonly called *the Critick*, who had writ a three-penny Pamphlet against the

the Power of *France*, being in the Country, and hearing of a *French* Privateer hovering about the Coast, although he were twenty Miles from the Sea, fled to Town, and told his Friends, they need not wonder at his Haste ; for the King of *France* having got Intelligence where he was, had sent a Privateer on purpose to catch him.

Dr. Gee, Prebendary of *Westminster*, who had writ a small Paper against *Popery*, being obliged to travel for his Health, affected to disguise his Person, and change his Name, as he passed thro' *Portugal*, *Spain*, and *Italy* ; telling all the *English* he met, that he was afraid of being murdered, or put into the Inquisition. He was acting the same Farce at *Paris*, till Mr. Prior (who was then Secretary to the Ambassy) quite disconcerted the Doctor, by maliciously discovering the Secret, and offering to engage Body for Body, that not a Creature would hurt him, or had ever heard of him or his Pamphlet.

A Chamber-maid to a Lady of my Acquaintance, thirty Miles from *London*, had the very same Turn of Thought, when talking with one of her Fellow-servants, she said ; “ I hear ‘ ‘ tis all over *London* already, that I am going “ to leave my Lady :” And so had a Footman, who being newly married, desired his Comrade to tell him freely what the Town said of it.

When somebody was telling a certain great Minister, that People were discontented ; “ Poh, “ said he, half a dozen Fools are prating in a “ Coffee-

“ Coffee-house, and presently think their own
“ Noise about their Ears is made by the
“ World.”

The Death of a private Man is generally of so little Importance to the World, that it cannot be a Thing of great Importance in itself; and yet I do not observe from the Practice of Mankind, that either Philosophy or Nature have sufficiently arm'd us against the Fears which attend it. Neither do I find any thing able to reconcile us to it, but extreme Pain, Shame, or Despair; for Poverty, Imprisonment, ill Fortune, Grief, Sickness, and Old Age, do generally fail.

Whence comes the Custom of bidding a Woman look upon her Apron-strings to find an Excuse? Was it not from the Apron of Fig-leaves worn by *Eve*, when she cover'd herself, and was the first of her Sex who made a bad Excuse for eating the forbidden Fruit?

I never wonder to see Men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Do not we see how easily we pardon our own Actions and Passions, and the very Infirmities of our Bodies; why should it be wonderful to find us pardon our own Dulness?

Dignity and Station, or great Riches, are in some Sort necessary to old Men, in order to keep the younger at a Distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the Score of their Age.

There is no Vice or Folly that requires so much Nicety and Skill to manage, as Vanity;

nor any which by ill Management makes so contemptible a Figure.

Observation is an old Man's Memory.

Politicks are nothing but Corruptions, and are consequently of no Use to a good King, or a good Ministry; for which Reason all Courts are so full of Politicks.

Eloquence smooth and cutting, is like a Razor whetted with Oil.

Imaginary Evils soon become real ones, by indulging our Reflections on them; as he, who in a melancholy Fancy see something like a Face on the Wall or the Wainscot, can by two or three Touches with a Lead Pencil, make it look visible and agreeing with what he fancy'd.

Men of great Parts are often unfortunate in the Management of publick Business, because they are apt to go out of the common Road, by the Quickness of their Imagination. This I once said to my Lord *Bolingbroke*, and desir'd he would observe, that the Clerks in his Office used a sort of Ivory Knife with a blunt Edge, to divide a Sheet of Paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a strong Hand, whereas if they should make use of a sharp Pen-knife, the Sharpness would make it go often out of the Crease, and disfigure the Paper.

He who does not provide for his own House, St. Paul says, is worse than an Infidel. And I think, he who provides only for his own House, is just equal with an Infidel.

Jealousy

Jealousy like Fire may shrivel up Horns, but it makes them stink.

A Footman's Hat should fly off to every Body; and therefore, *Mercury*, who was *Jupiter's* Footman, had Wings fastened to his Cap. When a Man pretends Love, but courts for Money, he is like a Juggler, who conjures away your Shilling, and conveys something very indecent under the Hat.

All Panegyricks are mingled with an Infusion of Poppy.

I have known Men happy enough at Ridicule, who upon grave Subjects were perfectly stupid; of which *Dr. Echard* of Cambridge, who writ *The Contempt of the Clergy*, was a great Instance.

One Top of *Parnassus* was sacred to *Bacchus*, the other to *Apollo*.

Matrimony hath many Children; Repentance, Discord, Poverty, Jealousy, Sicknels, Spleen, Loathing, &c.

Vision is the Art of seeing Things invisible.

The two Maxims of any great Man at Court are always, to keep his Countenance, and never to keep his Word.

I asked a poor Man, how he did? He said, he was like a Washball, always in decay.

Hippocrates, *Aph. 32. Sect. 6.* observes, that stuttering People are always subject to a Looseness. I wish Physicians had Power to remove the Profusion of Words in many People to the inferior Parts.

A Man dreamt he was a Cuckold; a Friend told him it was a bad Sign, because when a

Dream is true, *Virgil* says it passes through the horned Gate.

Love is a Flame, and therefore we say, Beauty is attractive ; because Physicians observe that Fire is a great Drawer.

Cives, the most honourable Name among the *Romans* ; a Citizen, a Word of Contempt among us.

A Lady who had Gallantries and several Children, told her Husband he was like the austere Man, who reaped where he did not sow.

We read that an *Ass's* Head was sold for eighty Pieces of Silver ; they have been lately sold ten thousand Times dearer, and yet they were never more plentiful.

I must complain the Cards are ill shuffled, till I have a good Hand.

Very few Men do properly live at present, but are providing to live another Time.

When I am reading a Book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive and talking to me.

Whoever live at a different End of the Town from me, I look upon as Persons out of the World, and only myself and Scene about me to be in it.

When I was young, I thought all the World as well as myself was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new Play.

My Lord *Cromarty*, after fourscore, went to his Country-house in *Scotland*, with a Resolution to stay six Years there, and live thriftily, in order

order to save up Money, that he might spend in *London*.

It is said of the Horses in the Vision, that their Power was in their Mouths and in their Tails. What is said of Horses in Vision, in reality may be said of Women.

Elephants are always drawn smaller than the Life, but a Flea always larger.

When old Folks tell us of many Passages in their Youth, between them and their Company, we are apt to think how much happier those Times were than the present.

Why does the elder Sister dance bare-foot when the younger is marry'd before her? is it not that she may appear shorter, and consequently be thought younger than the Bride?

No Man will take Counsel, but every Man will take Money; therefore Money is better than Counsel.

I never yet knew a Wag (as the Term is) who was not a Dunce.

A Person reading to me a dull Poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six Lines together; in turning over the Leaf, the Ink being wet, I marked as many Lines on the other Side; whereof the Poet complaining, I bid him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.

At *Windſor* I was observing to my Lord *Bolingbroke*, that the Tower where the Maids of Honour lodged (who at that Time were not very handsome) was much frequented with Crows. My Lord said, it was because they smelt Carrion.

Bons Mots de STELLA.

A Lady of my intimate Acquaintance both in *England* and *Ireland*, in which last Kingdom she lived from the eighteenth Year of her Age, twenty-six Years, had the most and finest Accomplishments of any Person I ever knew of either Sex. It was observed by all her Acquaintance, that she never failed in Company to say the best Thing that was said, whoever was by; yet her Companions were usually Persons of the best Understanding in the Kingdom. Some of us, who were her nearest Friends, lamented that we never wrote down her Remarks, and what the *French* call *Bons Mots*. I will recollect as many as I can remember.

We were diverting ourselves at a Play called *What is it like?* One Person is to think, and the rest, without knowing the Thing, to say what it is like. The Thing thought on was the Spleen; she said it was like an Oyster, and gave her Reason immediately, because it is removed by taking Steel inwardly.

Dr.

Dr. S——, who had squandered more than he could afford, took out his Purse as he sat by the Fire, and found it was very hot; she said, the Reason was, that his Money burnt in his Pocket.

She called to her Servants to know what ill Smell was in the Kitchen? they answered, they were making Matches: Well, said she, I have heard Matches were made in Heaven, but by the Brimstone, one would think they were made in Hell.

After she had been eating some sweet Thing, a little of it happened to stick on her Lips; a Gentleman told her of it, and offered to lick it off; she said, No Sir, I thank you, I have a Tongue of my own.

In the late King's Time, a Gentleman ask'd *Jervas* the Painter, where he lived in *London*? he answered, next Door to the King (for his House was near St. *James's*.) The other wondering how that could be, she said, You mistake Mr. *Jervas*, for he only means next Door to the Sign of a King.

A Gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her Company, at last began to grieve at remembering the Loss of a Child lately dead. A Bishop sitting by, comforted him that he should be easy, because the Child was gone to Heaven.

Heaven. No my Lord, said she, that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his Child there.

Having seen some Letters writ by a King in a very large Hand, and some Persons wondering at them, she said it confirmed the old Saying, *That Kings had long Hands.*

Dr. S—— famous for punning, and intended to sell a Bargain, said, he had made a very good Pun. Somebody asked, what it was? He answered, my A——. The other taking Offence, she insisted the Doctor was in the Right, for every Body knew that punning was his *blind Side.*

When she was extremely ill, her Physicians said, Madam, you are near the Bottom of the Hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again. She answered, Doctor, I fear I shall be *out of Breath* before I get up to the Top.

A dull Parson talking of a very smart Thing said to another Parson as he came out of the Pulpit, he was hammering a long Time, but could not remember the Jest; she being impatient said, I remember it very well, for I was there, and the Words were these: Sir, you have been blundering at a Story this half Hour, and can neither make Head nor Tail of it.

A very

A very dirty Clergyman of her Acquaintance who affected Smartness and Repartee, was asked by some of the Company how his Nails came to be so dirty? He was at a Loss, but she solved the Difficulty, by saying, the Doctor's Nails grew dirty by scratching *himself*.

A Quaker Apothecary sent her a Vial corkt; it had a broad Brim, and a Label of Paper about its Neck. What is that, said she, my Apothecary's Son? The ridiculous Resemblance, and the Suddenness of the Question set us all a Laughing.



A punning EPISTLE on MONEY.

Worthy Mr. PENNYFEATHER,

MADAM *Johnson* has been very ill used by her Servants; they put Shillings into her Broth instead of Groats, which made her stamp. I hear they had them from one *Tom Ducket*, a Tenant to Major *Noble*, who I am told is reduced to a Nine-pence. We are doubting whether we shall dine at the *Crown* or the *Angel*. Honest *Mark Cobb*, who has been much moyder'd of late, will dine with us, but Squire *Manypenny* and Captain *Sterling* desire to be excused, for they are engaged with *Ned Silver* to dine in *Change-Alley*. They live in great Har-mony, they met-al together last Week, and sate as lovingly as Horses in a Pound. I suppose you have heard of the Rino-ceros lately arrived here. A Captain was cash-ered on *Wednesday*. A Scavenger abused me this Morning, but I made him down with his Dust, which indeed was a far-thing from my Intentions. Mrs. *Brent* had a Pi-stole from her; I would a' ginny'e a good

good deal for such another. Mrs. *Dingley* has made a Soufe for your collar'd Eel. Alderman *Coyu* presents his Service to you. I have nothing but half-pens to write with, so that you must excuse this Scrawl. One of my Seals fell into a Chink. I am, without Allay,

Your most obedient,

TOM MITE,

P. S. Mr. *Cole* presents his Service to you, of which I am a-teller.

P O S T - S C R I P T.

Here is a Rhime; it is a Satire on an in-constant Lover.

You are as faithless as a *Carthaginian*,
To love at once, *Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha,*
Jenny, Anne.

A LOVE-

A LOVE-SONG.

*Apud in is almi des ire,
 Minus tres I ne ver re qui re;
 Alo veri findit a gestis,
 His mi feri ne ver at restis.*

An EPIGRAM on DIC.

*Dic, heris agro at, an da quarto finale,
 Fora ringat ure nos, an da stringat ure tale.*

Cum multis aliis, quæ nunc, &c.

The END of the THIRTEENTH VOLUME.



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